

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE STORY OF TEN THOUSAND YEARS

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ALL THE WILLIAMS WHY THEY WERE INVITED TO BRITTANY

The Life of William Pinchon
Goes On After 700 Years

THREE THINGS HE DID

From Our Paris Correspondent

Magnificent festivals have just been held at Saint-Brieuc in Brittany in honour of the seventh centenary of William Pinchon, and to mark the occasion all the Williams of the world were invited to attend them.

On the wall of an English railway station we can read the following verses :

*I'd like to go to Brittany:
I'd love the great Atlantic waves
Pounding against an iron coast
Of rugged capes and roaring caves.
And if you want a scene to paint,
The Pardon of a local saint
Gives subject picturesquely quaint:
I'd like to go to Brittany.*

Images Everywhere

When we examine the map of Brittany we are struck with the number of towns bearing the names of saints, but when we get there we are encompassed by far more saints than those indicated on the map. Images are everywhere—on the cliffs, in the fields, in the lanes, in the woods. And, of course, the question comes to mind of how the Church could canonise such an incredible number of men. Then we learn that these saints have nothing to do with the Church, that their only value was that which the people gave to them; and that they have never been heard of in any other part of the Christian world.

Here lies the importance of William Pinchon and the explanation of the honours that have been awarded to his memory. He was the first saint of Brittany to be formally recognised by the Roman Catholic Church.

Yet the entrance of William into this world was of the poorest. As soon as he could walk he had to earn his bread as a boy by looking after turkeys, then as a shepherd. But the beauty of Nature impressed him already and slowly revealed God to him. As he seemed a gifted boy, a school invited him to take lessons free, and later, he proving as virtuous as he was gifted, the Bishop of Saint-Brieuc took him into his service as a secretary.

Getting Knowledge To Help Others

William was humble enough to accept anything as a means of getting more knowledge to help others in the future. He acquired so much experience in a short time that when the bishop passed on he was the only man capable of filling the vacant post. Thus it was that at 35 the little shepherd became the Bishop of Saint-Brieuc.

Brittany was going through a period of great misery at the time and William faced the vital problem of food for his

The Silence



Once more we come to the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, when the whole Empire stands in silence for two minutes to think of her million dead. Our photographer gives an impression of the Cenotaph set amid the silent battlefields of France.

town, introducing a popular soup which the poor could have every day.

Then he went off in quest of a supply of wheat from far-away provinces. Nothing stopped him; no routine, no prejudices, no fear. Provisions were urgent; he would find some, and he did, bringing them back in abundance.

After some time the little town had become so prosperous that it excited the envy of its neighbours; but a new problem now arose, for danger grew up of war and pillage. Materially speaking, the invaders were better armed than the invaded, but William's way overcame the recurring attacks one after the other. He used spiritual weapons, he prayed to God, he sheltered the refugees, he spoke to the enemies; he displayed such an inspired activity that finally there were no enemies left.

The third problem solved by William was that of unemployment. In order to occupy the workmen of the town he set them building a cathedral, which

helped them for twenty years and has remained as one of the most beautiful types of Gothic architecture.

When the beloved bishop passed on he had reached the height of popularity, a popularity untouched by seven centuries, as proved by the extraordinary activity which has just been displayed at Saint-Brieuc in his honour. The festivals lasted a whole week, and the pageant presented a complete reconstruction of the history of Brittany in the thirteenth century, a thing that had never been done before. The number of players reached 10,000 and the number of guests over 100,000. How many Williams attended the festival it is difficult to say, but we know that some came from Holland, Hungary, Mexico, and Canada.

Would anything have made William Pinchon happier than to see that his spirit was still working after 700 years, bringing together men and women of many nations but of one heart?

HOUSE OF CHARITY DROWNED

FINE HOME FOR ALPINE
TRAVELLERS

The Door That Was Left
Unfastened For Anyone

OLD HOSPICE AND THE NEW

One of Switzerland's new reservoirs for the production of electricity lies right across the old road over the Grimsel Pass and covers the historic hospice.

A new building taking its place stands on an immense block of granite overlooking the lake.

The old hospice, now drowned, is almost as famous as the one on the Great St Bernard Pass with its self-denying monks and their wonderful dogs, and its story goes back to days long before the Reformation, when some monks established a shelter for the assistance of travellers over the pass and were allowed to make a collection for its support.

Free For the Poor

At the Reformation these monks were replaced by a lay occupier, having the same duties and the same privileges.

The Grimsel Pass, before the days of railways and mountain tunnels, was the connecting link between the Hasli and the Valais, and the occupier of the hospice had to keep the track in repair for men with pack-horses. A toll was levied on travellers able to pay, but all too poor to contribute were received without any charge being made.

In August 1799 French and Austrian troops came to grips on the Grimsel and everything that could be burned was destroyed; but a hospice on the pass was so vital a necessity that the people set about rebuilding it.

They were rewarded for their efforts, for tourists began to frequent the pass in sufficient numbers to provide an annual revenue. The occupier was able to pay a good rent to Oberhasli, and was then free to make what he could out of the hospice and the right of pasturage on the surrounding alp.

Shelter From the Blizzard

On the approach of winter all the animals were sent down to the valley, but the occupier himself remained until St Andrew's Day at the end of November. Then he left all doors unfastened, a bottle of wine and some bread on the table, some straw to make a bed, and some wood for a fire. Thus any unfortunate wayfarer might still find shelter if overtaken by a blizzard.

In 1821 there were only twelve beds, but by 1851 a hundred travellers could be taken in for the night, and efforts had been made to render accommodation clean and comfortable.

Now all this is below the waters of the lake, and the new hospice on higher ground is reached by a fine motor-road.

WEALTH OF U.S.A.

MR ROOSEVELT AND THE BANKERS

Plain Words on Their Relations To the State

BRINGING CONFIDENCE ALL ROUND

Wealth should come as a result of hard labour of mind and hand.

This, declared Mr Roosevelt the other day in an address to the American bankers, was the spirit of American institutions, and its real fulfilment came in the general recognition of the rights of each factor in the community.

The President proceeded to declare that the time was now ripe for an alliance between business and banking, agriculture and industry, and labour and capital. Such a team and its possible effects kindled the imagination.

A Colossal Deficit

The bankers had met in conference at Washington, and passed resolutions pledging themselves to cooperate with the Government. They also urged the early balancing of the Budget.

President Roosevelt was only able to accomplish what he did last year by permitting the Budget deficit to reach the colossal figure of £1400,000,000, and he has declared that there might be another big deficit this year. These deficits are in the nature of special funds to meet an abnormal need, for, as he declared, he has been fighting the depression in America with the financial methods adopted in war time. If it was decided to balance the Budget, either fresh taxes would have to be imposed or the millions devoted to relieving suffering would have to be cancelled. It is Mr Roosevelt's hope that it will be necessary to take neither of these courses, but that a growing prosperity in America will steadily reduce the financial burden on the State funds.

A False Idea

As to the future relation of the banks with the Government, Mr Roosevelt roundly declared that the old false idea of the bankers being on one side while the Government was on the other, each as a more or less independent unity, no longer existed; for it was essential that the Government must be the leader and judge between the opposing interests of all groups in the community, including the bankers. The people must have confidence in the banks and the bankers must have confidence in the people; and his policy was to bring about both these things.

When we remember how serious the position of America was a few years ago, when private banks all over the country were closing their doors, and how those drastic measures, such as the establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, taken by President Roosevelt have now restored confidence and set the banks on their feet again, we can be willing to believe that his policy of letting the Government hold the full and untrammelled leadership in matters of finance is the only possible one for his great country.

OUR MANY HONEYS

The British Bee Keepers have been exhibiting their products in London.

It ought not to surprise us that there are many sorts of honey, for the delectable stuff is gathered from many varieties of fragrant flowers. Most of us like to see our honey look golden, but it is the darker honey gathered from heather that secures the better price.

Then there is the greenish honey from the sweet lime, pale honey from white clover, and dark honey from thorn. All are delightful varieties of one of the world's healthiest luxuries.

THE DUCHESS IS KNITTING A PULLOVER AND THE PRESIDENT

Keeping Somebody Warm

The knitting needles of the Duchess of York are being plied with great energy; she is knitting a pullover which some unemployed man or boy will wear in the cold days of this winter.

The Duchess is leading the women of England in a great campaign for supplying knitted goods for the thousands who would otherwise suffer from cold.

The scheme is part of the efforts the Personal Service League is making this year. There were 40,000 workers last year, and more than a million garments

The Greatest Achievement of Our Century

THE 20th century has seen no greater achievement than Flight. These have been its steps.

1903. The Wrights flew 852 feet in 59 seconds.

1909. Bleriot flew the Channel.

1913. M. Prevost flew at 125 miles an hour.

1919. Alcock and Whitten Brown flew the Atlantic.

1919. Ross and Keith Smith flew from England to Australia in 30 days.

1927. Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris.

1929. Orlebar flew at 357 miles an hour.

1929. Hinkler flew from England to Australia in 15 days.

1931. Mollison flew to Australia in 8 days, 19 hours.

1933. Italian squadron of 24 planes flew from Italy to Chicago and back.

1934. Agello of Italy flew at 440 miles an hour.

1934. Scott and Campbell Black flew from England to Melbourne, 11,300 miles, in 2 days, 23 hours.

were distributed to the unemployed. Not only does the League distribute new clothing, but it collects and distributes worn clothing from 150 depots.

The Cathedral Pilgrimage resulted in over £5000 being sent to the League, and this sum is to be devoted entirely to the distressed areas.

We would urge all readers of the C.N. who can knit to follow the good example of the Duchess and contribute some article to the Personal Service League. The Duchess has asked that all completed articles of this nature should be sent to her at 145 Piccadilly.

WHAT 1000 MEN HAVE DONE Vast Canal Scheme

Half of the £1,000,000 scheme for improving the waterway between London and Birmingham has been completed.

The Duke of Kent has signalled this great engineering feat by opening that part of the Grand Union Canal which runs through Warwickshire.

It was in May 1931 that the development of the old canal was begun, to enable barges wider than seven feet to travel through it from the wider and deeper sections at the London end. All the 51 locks between Napton and Knowle have been replaced by others through which boats 14 feet wide can pass. This task alone has given employment to nearly 1000 men, while others have been engaged in strengthening the banks of the canal with piles and concrete walls.

Dredging is to be continued until this section of the canal is deep enough to allow the passage of boats drawing four and a half feet of water.

Birmingham will soon be claiming to be one of our seaports.

THE HOUSEMAID AND THE PRESIDENT

A Surprise Broadcast

The Lisbon telephones having been put on the automatic system, a demonstration was arranged at which the President of the Portuguese Republic was to speak to the Prime Minister, and the call was put through.

The Prime Minister, owing to some misunderstanding, was out, and this is the conversation which took place when the housemaid took up the telephone:

Housemaid: Well, how's the ceremony getting on? I'm sure I shall never learn to use this new-fangled clocklike thing.

President: Oh, the ceremony is going off extremely well. Do not be afraid to use the clocklike thing. I have found it extremely simple to ring you up.

The housemaid had no idea to whom she was speaking, but we may believe she was duly informed in course of time, especially as the conversation was broadcast!

HIDALGO TURNS UP TO TIME

A Wanderer in the Heavens

The little planet Hidalgo, whose queer journey round the Sun was described in a recent C.N., has duly made its appearance. A Russian astronomer has the honour of having been the first to see it after its 12-years disappearance.

He is Professor Neujmin, of the Simeis Observatory in the Crimea.

Professor Neujmin at once announced the details of his observations, and it has been calculated from them that Hidalgo will be nearest the Sun at 11 o'clock on the night of March 4, or within a week of the date at which astronomers worked it out by mathematics.

As we explained in the C.N., Hidalgo is one of the wanderers in the heavens, moving nearly to the edge of the solar system, and being pulled this way and that by other planets, so that astronomers are congratulating themselves on the degree of accuracy which they have reached.

FOR THIS MUCH THANKS One Tax Abolished

A tax has been abolished, a surprising event in this tax-tormented world.

The tax is one of the oldest in the world and is known as the Khurva. From time immemorial it has been levied on every traveller about to cross the desert of Mesopotamia, and the payment of it ensured a safe journey, as the money was distributed among the nomad tribes of the region. The Government of Iraq has recently decided that this tax should no longer be enforced.

BIGGER APPLES

Those who like apple dumplings will be glad to know that a new variety of cooking apple has been produced in Lancashire, and promises to be better than any on the market.

It is called Sowman's Seedling, is deep green in colour and regular in shape. It is big and develops early in the season, so that the apple dumplings from our native orchards can be both larger in size and be ready for the table early in the year.

ADDING TO THE MAP

The little band who are studying the Antarctic under the command of Admiral Byrd at Little America have begun their summer work well.

The party has made a journey of over 450 miles in its motor-tractor, and has discovered a great ice-covered plateau between the Rockefeller Mountains and the Edsel Ford Range. In the journey a hurricane of 90 miles an hour was encountered, but the tractor proved equal to it and travelled over very rough surfaces successfully.

THIS MAD WORLD STOPPING SPLENDID WORK

Herring Industry Menaced While People Want Herrings

ROOM FOR AN ORGANISING BRAIN

It is more than time that the herring industry was saved.

Past gluts are eclipsed by this year's catches. Tens of millions of herrings are being caught on the East Coast, and prices have fallen so low that fish have been dumped back in the sea or sold at a rubbishy figure for manure.

To prevent further waste the herring fleet had to lay up and cease work. The supply being thus slackened, the very low price of 10s to 15s a cran of 1000 fish was fixed for all herrings landed.

And while the fisherfolk are in distress a correspondent writes to say that at a City restaurant professing to quote popular prices he was charged 1s 2d for two grilled herrings.

What needs to be done is not merely the regulation of the catch to keep down the supply. Herrings are much needed in the world, and a proper organisation could sell them freely.

At home fair prices should be fixed for producers and consumers.

Abroad the great Continental markets, especially of Russia and Germany, should be fostered.

Russian and German Markets

In 1913 we exported 9,961,830 cwts of herrings, mainly to Russia and Germany, but last year our exports were only a fourth of this quantity. The Russians and Germans still need 10 million cwts a year or more, and the Board of Trade should and could frame means to renew the export trade in its old proportions.

How gladly would the 170 million Russians and the 70 million Germans eat our tens of millions of good herrings!

Mr Loftus, M.P. for Lowestoft, points out that the German market took about 800,000 barrels of cured and fresh herrings last year. The Germans want the fish now and are willing to pay good prices, but exchange is blocked by tariffs. The trade, he urges, should go to the Government for help in dealing. Herrings could be sold to Germany for marks which would be placed to the credit of the English seller at the Reichsbank, and he would get a certificate which would be exchanged by the Government for British pounds sterling.

But Russia even more than Germany needs our fish. *Pictures on page 3*

THE FAIR REWARD

A fair reward for labour is not a minimum weekly wage and a dog's life, but an agreed wage, plus the best possible chance in life that good health, educational opportunities, and congenial employment can give. Lord Trent

THINGS SAID

Education knows no national frontiers. The King

Why not a crusade to abolish tipping? Sir Percival Phillips

The responsible man is always the lonely man. Mr Angus Watson

England is the bright spot in Europe today. Professor Warren (U.S.A.) after a talk with President Roosevelt

One of the factors in the mass murder of the road is drink. Mr Isaac Foot, M.P.

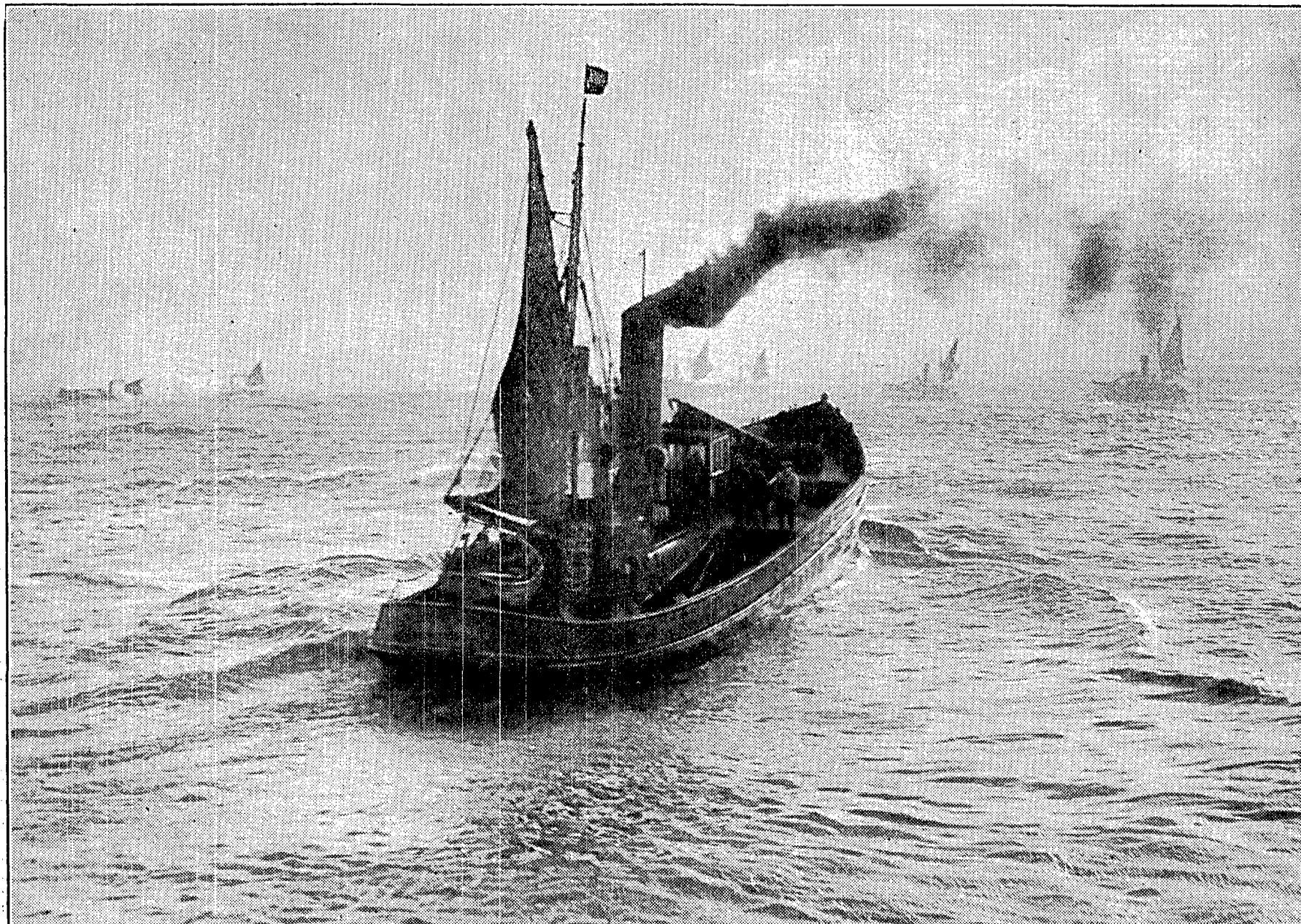
I should like to see the words Work, Security, Peace inscribed on the banner of the National Government when next we go to the polls. Sir Edward Grigg, M.P.

November 10, 1934

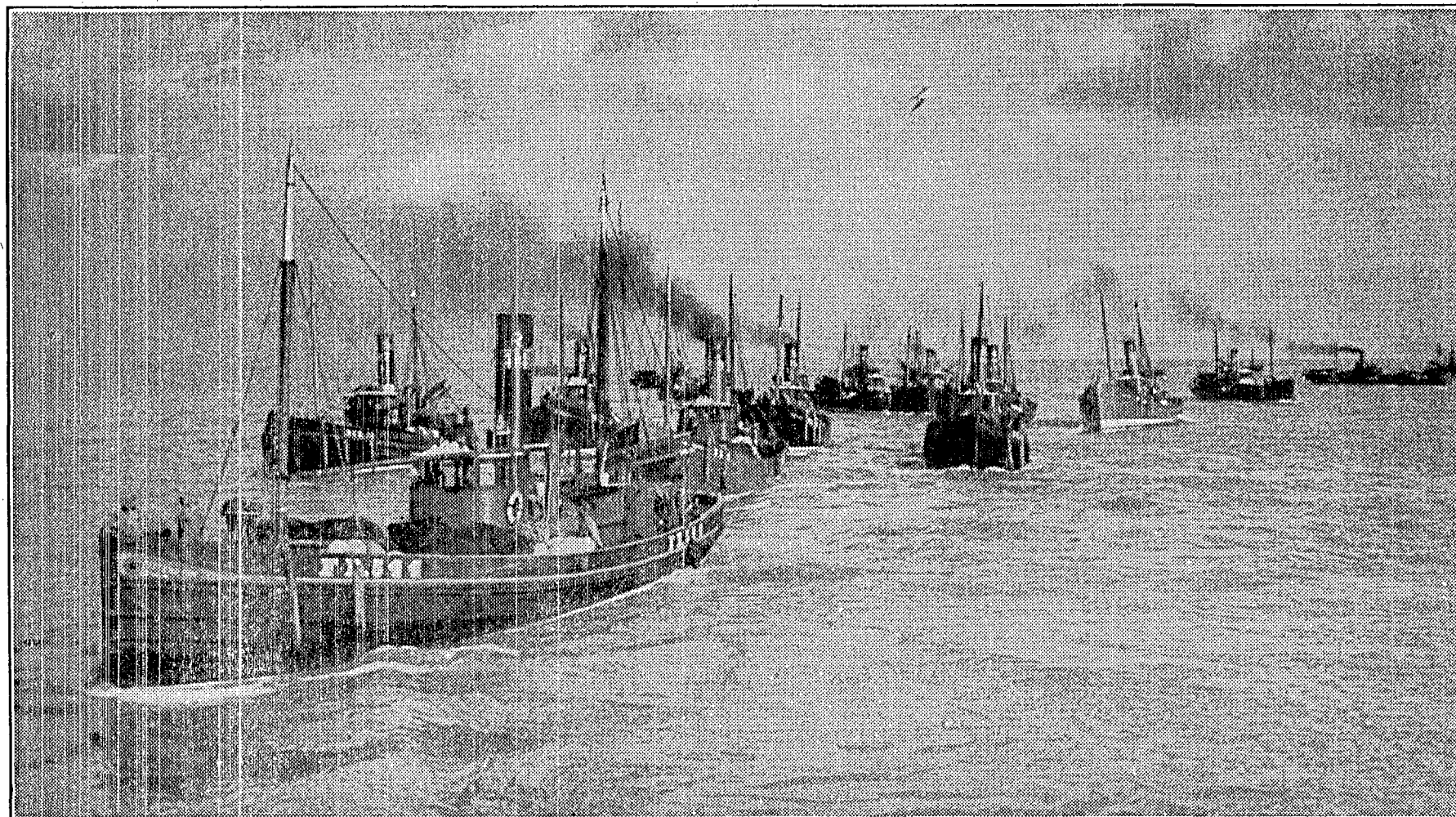
The Children's Newspaper

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THE HERRING FLEET—HARD TIMES FOR THE NORTH SEA FISHERMEN



Outward Bound—An East Coast herring fleet sets out for the North Sea fishing-grounds



Homeward Bound—Returning with good catches the drifters wait outside the harbour until a given time, owing to glutted markets and low prices. See page 2

ONE OF OUR HEROES

WARRIOR OF THE GREAT WAR

Lord Mottistone's Tribute To His Wonderful Horse

SECRET OF A GREAT CHARACTER

My Horse, Warrior. By Lord Mottistone. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

We cannot help thinking of the Arab's Farewell to his Steed, "My Beautiful, my Beautiful," as we read this book, for Warrior is surely among the noblest creatures now alive.

This is everybody's book. It will have an instant appeal for readers young and old. We can foresee that copies of it will cause an exciting bulge in many a Christmas stocking, and be found in countless parcels left by Santa Claus the postman.

During the war Warrior had enough adventures to fill a book, and here they are written down for us by his comrade and master (famous as General Jack Seely in the war), who shared nearly all his hairbreadth escapes yet makes light of his own heroism, which turned more than one disaster into victory. The book has fine drawings by Mr A. J. Munnings, one of Warrior's many friends.

How He Overcame Fear

Not by one miracle but by many did Warrior escape death. By steeling himself to endure shell fire he overcame his fear. Sometimes the firing was so heavy that he was almost the only survivor, but he never lost his head or attempted to bolt. As General Seely rode up to them the men would say, even in the midst of battle, not "Here comes the General" but "Here's old Warrior."

The handsome bay thoroughbred often broke out of his stable and followed his master like a dog when he was riding a pony. So great was his affection for him that he would eat his way out of the little French stables made of wattle and daub and come straight to the General, wherever he was to be found.

Lord French's Tribute

Early in the war he was with a bunch of horses when a shell exploded in their midst and he escaped unhurt. During the desperate weeks of the first Battle of Ypres Lord French often rode on Warrior as he encouraged his weary men forward. He told the author that he owed much to his young horse.

On three occasions when General Seely used other horses they were killed. Twice a horse standing next to him was killed, and he escaped unhurt. The story of how Warrior was rescued by his master from a stable a few moments before a shell burst inside it is well known. In March 1918 the villa in which he was stabled was smashed to smithereens by a shell, but one corner was left and here Warrior was discovered, still fit for work although he was a little lame.

Once he was buried, except for one forefoot, when a huge shell fell near. He had some narrow escapes from the oozing mud.

The Crisis in His Life

It was in 1918 that he took an important part in one of the decisive battles of the war. It seemed that Amiens was doomed, for the Germans had captured Moreuil Ridge. Paris and the Channel Ports were threatened. Sitting on Warrior's back, General Seely decided to attempt the apparently impossible, to recapture the ridge.

"Your little brigade could not possibly achieve it," said the French commander.

Warrior seemed to know that the crisis in his life had come. Carrying his master, he galloped at the head of twenty cavalymen straight for the front line. Half of the men were hit, but

COMPLEX YUGO-SLAVIA

A New-Old Government LIBERTY AT A DISCOUNT

It appears that Yugo-Slavia is continuing her policy of oppression and proscription.

A new Cabinet has been formed which consists entirely of members of the established official party. The Croats, Slovenes, and Moslems are excluded. Many of the leaders of the subject nations or groups are either in exile or in a Yugo-Slav prison.

The new Prime Minister, Mr Ouzounovich, has declared that "the old parties are done with; they have been dissolved and will never be allowed again."

An Indescribable Terror

It is, however, a difficult thing to prevent a Croat from remembering that he is a Croat. The Croats are more than a party. If England oppressed the Welsh and denied them the right to form a Welsh group in the British Parliament she would attempt the impossible.

While pursuing the policy of Serbian control of the Yugo-Slav State the Government is attempting to fix responsibility for the murder of King Alexander on foreign countries. The truth is that the king was cruelly murdered by a conspiracy of his own rebel subjects, some of the rebels being Croats, the Croats whose leader, Raditch, was assassinated by a Serb in the Yugo-Slav Parliament in 1928. It was in the year after the murder of Raditch that King Alexander, in effect, put his foreign subjects under the rule of the Serbs.

To represent that Yugo-Slavia has any real grievance against Hungary is to reverse the truth. The 500,000 Hungarians in Yugo-Slavia suffer what the Magyars term an "indescribable local terror." At the elections Magyars were cruelly persecuted and their houses painted with skull and crossbones.

It is to be hoped that Yugo-Slavia will come to her senses. She owes it to Europe to play a European part in pacification.

Five Millions Ruling Nine

Yugo-Slavia was at first called the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the title thus naming its chief constituents. It was called Yugo-Slavia in an attempt to secure unification. The State was set up by the Peace Treaties. In 1913 Serbia had an area of only 37,000 square miles and a small population under five millions. Yugo-Slavia, which is really a Serbian Empire over many different nations and groups, has an area of 95,000 square miles and a population of about 14 millions, so that about five million Serbs in effect rule nine millions of other races.

Yugo-Slavia consists of the old Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, part of Carniola and Styria, Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and part of the Hungarian Banat. Tyranny will never weld these together, but liberty might federate them in part.

Continued from the previous column

they captured an important wood, and soon the rest of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade swept up, and the advance of the Germans was checked.

"The secret of Warrior's personality and character (says Lord Mottistone) is the fact that he has never been ill-treated and never beaten while doing his best. The soul of a horse (our author goes on) is a great and loyal soul. But let there be one cruel blow from a grown-up man and you have ruined the horse's fine soul and spirit for ever. I hardly ever saw a man strike a horse in anger during the war, and again and again I have seen a man risk his life, and indeed lose it, for the sake of his horse."

It is a noble saying and we believe it. Warrior's master was worthy of his horse, and we can pay to neither a greater compliment.

THE OLD LADY BY THE SEINE

From Our Paris Correspondent

Most people who go to Paris walk along the banks of the Seine where the bookstalls are. Usually the books are the attraction, but the other day we stopped to talk to one of the sellers.

This little woman of 80 never seems to trouble about her business. She is always reading under her big plane tree, and she explained why.

"When I buy books," she said, "it is because I want to read them before I sell them. You see, I was born a lover of books. I wanted to study for a literature scholarship, but my parents were too poor to spend money on my education. I decided that I could not live without books so I had better make my living from them, and if I could not buy a shop I would work in the street."

On the Parapet

So Madame Vergnes started with one or two books in a basket on the pavement, and soon had a few francs to rent a place on the parapet. At first it was only a yard, but now it is ten, the most space allowed to anyone. For 50 years she has been there, always loving her books.

The best days of the trade have passed, she thinks. Once upon a time the book dealers dealt only in rare books, in first editions, in books out of print, or in fine bindings. Their work called for research and patience, and they were interested in their purchases. Now most of the cases are filled with new books, such as could be bought in any shop.

However, there is still romance in the life of Madame Vergnes. We asked what she found to do every day, and she said:

"Well, I have read the masters with my brain, and I have sold books with my tongue."

The Bookstall Poet

There was a third thing, and we hope she will not mind our giving away her secret; she has been writing poems. She read us one poem, on the Immortal Soul, and we remember these lines:

*I love the great immensity beyond,
I love the starry heavens awaiting me.*

As our bookstall poet finished reciting she noticed that the Sun was going down on the river.

"I must go now," she said. "I have a surprise for a friend who has a stall over there near Notre Dame. He said the other day that people were not idealist enough, and that he would like to give them poems with their purchases. So I wrote one for him today, and I must take it to him."

Old Madame Vergnes folded up her chair, closed her bookcases, bowed to us, and disappeared. We looked across at the cathedral, gracious in the evening light, and thought that her friend over there knew at least one person who was idealist enough.

THE OLD BARBARIANS AND THE NEW

By Mr Chesterton

The old barbarians had not many virtues, but they had one. They generally destroyed the things they hated. The extraordinary situation in modern England is that people destroy what they love or what they are pursuing.

People come to live out in the country. They come out in motor-cars; they come out and build houses in the country, and then they destroy the rural life entirely by covering it with advertisements, with petrol pumps and stations, and they lay waste the thing that they themselves want.

What is to be done with an extraordinary paradox like that? There have never before been iconoclasts who destroyed the idol they wanted to worship. There have never before been fanatics who rushed out for a faith and ruined the very faith for which they fought.

ABOMINABLE HOUSES

THE RIGHT TO MAKE A PROFIT ON THEM

Are the Slum Owners To Have Compensation?

PROTEST BY THE PRIMATE

The "rights of property" are being invoked in connection with the national campaign against slums. Thus, alas! it has ever been when we seek to reform the abuses of life. It was property which fought against the emancipation of slaves.

A clear dividing line can be drawn in the relation of property to slums.

A slum house, like a good house, is built on a piece of land, often on valuable land. Whatever the market value of the site the property owner is entitled to that value if it is taken over to abolish the slum house standing on it.

It is otherwise with the slum house. If the house is condemned as unfit for human habitation no one is entitled to obtain a rent for it. Therefore no compensation should be paid to the owner in respect of such a slum.

Bad Houses and Bad Meat

We rejoice, therefore, that the Archbishop of Canterbury has spoken out on this subject. He says:

The one basis of compensation essential to the scheme is that only site value, and not what may be called the market value, should be paid for property unfit for human habitation.

It is not right that the owner of a house so bad that it is not fit for human beings to live in should be compensated on the basis of any rents he may be able to get for it.

It has been said that bad houses, like bad meat, have no value. Therefore there must be no lowering of the standard of fitness for any house in which human beings are to live.

Another powerful voice is that of Mr Austen Chamberlain, who also protests against the agitation by certain property owners against the Slum Clearance Act. That Act must not be altered. The nation will not pay compensation to the owners of houses demolished because unfit for human habitation. It is not for this country to buy "bad meat."

CAESAR'S TWO WALLS

The Stone Wall and the Living Wall

Behind Hadrian's Wall, the stone barrier stretching from Tyne to Solway, there ran a wall of green turf.

That has been known since 1895, when two miles of the turf wall were discovered. It had a ditch in front of it like the stone wall, and it ended with Birdoswald Fort.

Everyone wanted to know who made the turf wall, and whether it was supplanted by someone who built the stone wall long afterwards. Which was really Hadrian's Wall?

In 1911 relics were found in the mile-castles of the stone wall which proved beyond doubt that Hadrian was the builder. And now archaeologists have discovered that the turf wall was also part of Hadrian's great design.

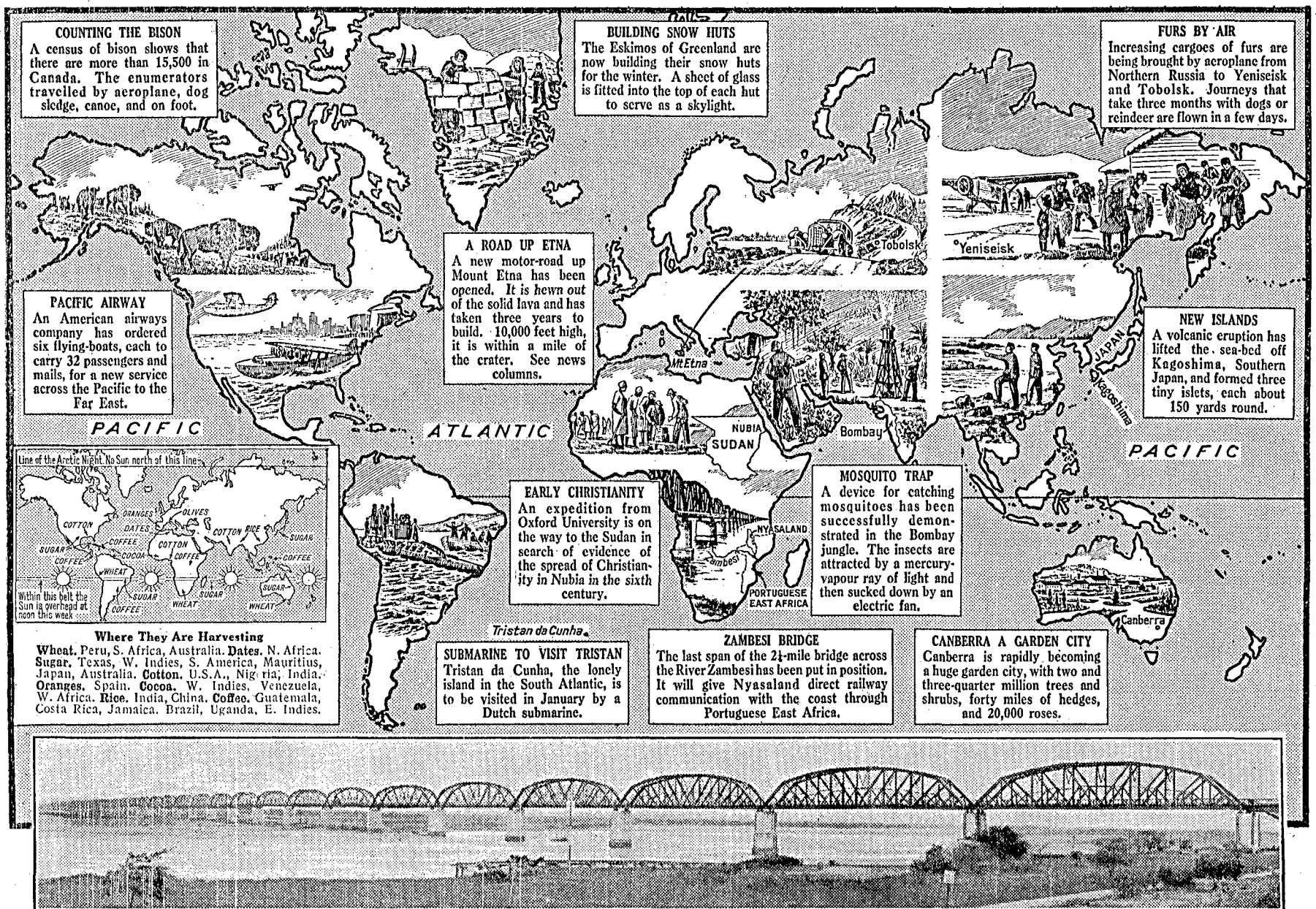
They have found pieces of the workmen's tents and bedding, a Roman shoe, and other oddments left on the site somewhere between 122 and 126 A.D.

Most important of all was part of a wooden writing-tablet which gave the name of Hadrian and Aulus Platorius Nepos, his British governor.

If we do not know exactly what sort of men camped on the site eighteen centuries ago, at least we know something of their lives and loyalties.

Those men, who slept on bracken and built the great ramparts of sods, were Hadrian's men, and they raised an imperishable monument to him as well as to themselves.

C.N. PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



50,000 FISH FROM A LAKE

The Boatman and the Trusty Rudd

In front of Nottingham's splendid University is an ornamental lake.

Besides providing for safe boating and a breeding-ground for swans it also makes an excellent natural breeding-place for fish. From time to time the waters are netted, and the fish removed in tanks to rivers in the Midlands.

The last time this process was carried out the men in charge were surprised to find in their net a solitary pike, which is sometimes called the freshwater shark on account of its ferocity.

Now the lake has been netted again, and about 50,000 fish have been taken away. Among them were some large rudd. There was, we are told, one sad face among those engaged in the task of netting the fish, and that belonged to Mr Holland, who has charge of the boating.

He has been a familiar figure on the landing-stage for many years, and during that time has learned to make friends with these rudd. They came to the edge of the lake day by day to be fed by him, and trusted him so well that they would feed out of his hands.

Sometimes, Mr Holland tells us, he has played with these graceful and beautiful fish for hours, and has even lifted them out of the water.

Boys from 10 to 17 will revel in the Boy's Book of Popular Science, a new 6s Annual which is filled with illustrations and articles describing the marvels of modern science and engineering, thrilling stories, and instructions for carrying out experiments.

A ROAD UP ETNA
Ten Miles To a Great Spectacle

Once more Italy has been celebrating a great achievement in engineering. The King of Italy recently opened a motor-road from Nicolosi up the slopes of Mount Etna.

This road is nearly ten miles long and has taken three years to build. It has cost nearly £250,000, and the magnificent panorama it opens up is declared to make the expenditure well worth while.

From the road which has been cut through masses of lava can be seen the blue waters of the Ionian Sea, with the cities of Catania, Augusta, and Taormina on the shores of Sicily in the foreground.

It was a beautiful day when the King drove up the mountainside, and Etna had put on its white cap for the first time this season, to enhance the beauty of the scene.

See World Map

THE HUNGRY FOOTBALLER

It is strange that while the poor feeding of a large section of our working-people goes almost unnoticed attention is directed to the sufferings of footballers from inadequate diet.

It seems that certain professional footballers have been in poor form because they rely too much on tinned food and shop-cooked fish fried in oil of poor quality, and the football clubs have to come to the rescue with plenty of nourishing fresh food.

ONE TREE'S THREE CROPS

In an orchard near Budapest there is an apple tree which has bloomed three times running, and which in the middle of October proudly bore blossoms, half-ripe apples, and ruddy ripe ones all mixed up together.

HALF A MILLION VOICES
And Twenty Thousand Pigeons

It is expected that half a million people will join in singing the hymns when the Duke of Gloucester dedicates Victoria's Shrine of Remembrance at Melbourne on Armistice Day.

During the ceremony twenty thousand soldiers of the war will release twenty thousand homing pigeons, each carrying a message of goodwill. The birds have been supplied by pigeon clubs in every State of Australia.

BIRMINGHAM RIGHTS
A WRONG

Thomas Hansom's name was well known to those of us who were familiar with the old hansom cab, for he was the inventor of that strange vehicle.

He was also the designer of Birmingham's town hall, but that only brought him privation and disappointment.

He could not carry out the contract he had made, and became bankrupt. Another builder finished the hall he had designed, and Hansom's name was not even mentioned at its opening in 1834.

Now this wrong is being righted in the centenary celebrations, and a tablet will do justice to his worth as an architect.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S WATCH

A watch has been found in a pawnbroker's shop in Philadelphia bearing the inscription on the case: "To Benjamin Franklin, in memoriam, September 3, 1783, David Hartlog."

It is not known by whom the watch was pawned. The name of the maker is Epine, watchmaker to two French kings and to Napoleon. It is a gold watch, ornamented with precious stones.

AUSTRALIA'S GREAT
AIR DAY

A Forgotten Piece of News

A remarkable witness to the drama of this Age of Wonder has been overlooked in the world's excitement over the great Air Race, a witness which reminds us of the perils faced by all who took part in the race. All honour to them all.

And yet it seems due to twelve others that a word should be said of them. While all the papers were reporting in their biggest type the start of this wonderful race some of them found room on another page for seven lines reporting the loss of an Australian air liner. Here is the news in question:

Search for the missing air liner from Launceston for Melbourne has resulted in the discovery of heavy traces of oil 25 miles north-west of Wilson Promontory, and 33 miles from the point of the last radio message.

It is believed that the liner has been lost with all on board, ten passengers and two pilots.

The news of this disaster and loss of 12 lives has been overlooked in the marvellous acclamations of the big race, yet how dramatic it was, an air race to the scene of an air catastrophe!

Let us salute the gallant dead (with our own two gallant dead who crashed in Italy, the New Zealanders Harold Gilman and James Baines) and the gallant living too; but let us remember the perils that must be faced by those who go up to the sky in planes, even more than those who go down to the sea in ships.

The new Zambesi Bridge shown above is 11,650 feet long and has cost nearly £1,500,000. It has taken four years to build. The photograph is reproduced by courtesy of Modern Transport.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 10 1934



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Hand of Cain

It is with us again, the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year. It is twenty years since the Great War broke the heart of the world.

Those who are old enough to remember will never forget the day it began, nor will they forget the day it ended, the hope of Peace that filled their hearts as they looked back on the bitter price that had been paid to banish war for ever. That was what they believed, what the politicians of the world had said to persuade our fathers and brothers to fight.

And now—what of the politicians now? What is it they have done for us?

Still the world is filled with the fear of war. Mothers live in terror for their little ones growing up. Boys look forward to the day when they may march in front of guns that will cut them down in thousands. Everyone is afraid of bombs in our streets.

"Something pretended, nothing done," might be written on the cenotaph of these Disarmament Conferences which meet and do nothing. These empty discussions by little men who prate of nothing but their petty schemes have brought contempt on all they stand for. These men, with the sound of trumpets in their ears, forget at their conferences the absent ones who are always there, the mother mourning for her son, the son growing up to be mourned for in his turn, all the peoples of this world who loathe the war, the accursed thing.

These are the silent ones at every court and conference, whose hearts are sick with hope deferred, the simple folk of the world who know the bitter truth the Governments try to hide from them: that in another war it will not be strength that will count, not wealth or power or the number of men who can be thrown into the trenches to be devoured; it will be which wild beast can break the spirit of a nation first by dropping bombs and poison from the clouds. Our streets will be the battlefields, our homes, our hospitals. All the world knows it.

There is one power only that will save the world, and it is not bombing planes or poison gas: it is the willingness of one man, of one nation, to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

It is the only way, and it has never been tried. Think of it in the Silence. Will not one great nation lead the rest? Will not our own Government say to all mankind that noble word Brotherhood which will banish for ever from the world the hand of Cain?

One Man Cannot Do As He Likes

It is a long time since we recorded our satisfaction that the first real protest against Hitlerism had come from the Church.

It is a long time since we recorded our conviction that the protest would be effective and that the new Napoleon of Germany would not be able to ride it down.

Our conviction has proved true; the protest of the Evangelical Church in Germany has proved to be the first check Herr Hitler has experienced in his astounding march to power.

One man cannot do as he likes with 70 millions, even in Germany.

The Brain That Acts Quickly

Now that the excitement of the great air race is forgotten, may we hope that one of the most interesting incidents in it will be remembered?

It seems to us that there was nothing better in it all than the presence of mind at the wireless station where one of the planes was trying to land in the dark. The broadcasting official sent out a message asking motorists to take their cars to the aerodrome and to floodlight it with their lamps.

It was a fine idea, copied later at another aerodrome, where men also took off their shirts, soaked them in petrol, and set them alight as flares.

Let us give a word to the small as well as to the great in these things.

Lost Property

It is not only passengers who lose things on the railways; there was a train which left a carriage behind and another which lost its fireman.

And the other day the Hull-to-York express drew up at a little station where the passengers were mystified to see their engine going back the way it had come.

It had gone to fetch the guard, who had been forgotten!

He Never Smiled Again

Two brave men met in the Air; strangers, not hating each other, though it was their duty to fight because their countries were at war.

Captain H. C. Biard was one of the airmen, and he tells (in his new book called Wings) how he fought the other and caused the machine to fall in flames.

Down it dropped, followed closely by the conqueror. At first the beaten pilot stuck to his plane, but when the flames were too hot he climbed out on to the wing, smiled and waved, and jumped off.

He turned slowly head over heels till he fell to certain death.

It is unbearable to think that such men should be sent to destroy each other. The world needs men like the young German who smiled and waved on the threshold of death.

Happy Autumn For the Birds

A YEAR of plentiful fruit, with apples, pears, and plums at glut prices, sees every spinney and hedgerow loaded with berries. It is a happy autumn for the birds.

It is at such a time that we see once more a suggestion as absurd as the idea that the sun puts the fire out, or that it is the thaw that bursts the water-pipe.

A good crop of hips and haws must necessarily be a result and not a cause, but many a countryman is convinced that it is the presage of a hard winter!

That the appearance of a happy harvest should be read as a forecast of a bad winter to come goes to show what strange ideas are possible to the uneducated mind.

Tip-Cat

MOST people must live near the places where they work. A navvy can take his pick.

A WELL-KNOWN airman is interesting himself in a back-to-the-land policy. Sounds dangerous.

THERE must be something in life on the land to atone for its losses. It gives you grit.

A SINGER says he goes walking to practise his singing. And likes someone to accompany him.



THE newsboy who took a sack of coppers to the bank hadn't been given the sack.

A FOOTBALL team has a hedgehog for a mascot. It has many points in its favour.

SOME authors borrow ideas from other authors. Collect their thoughts.

POPULAR tunes should go with a swing. But some get their popularity in a roundabout way.

A MAN has invented a new chewing gum. Hasn't he any teeth?

SOME boys delight in taking people in. Until they are caught out.

A SCIENTIST says he has discovered something really fireproof. Smoke?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE work of the Law Courts is decreasing a little.

THE cathedral pilgrimage raised over £10,000 for the unemployed.

JUST AN IDEA

How soon the world gets tired of its wonders in these days! Two men flew to Australia in less than five days. The week before it would have startled the world; but as a matter of fact hardly anybody took any notice.

Beauty Back Again

Schoolboys at Steam Mills are working at a deserted mine, clearing hundreds of tons of earth to make a garden.

FAIR trees spread wide their branches

To clothe this land with green,
Then fell, and neath the surface
Lay sleeping and serene,
Till miners scarred the forest glade
Where beauty once had been.

THEY dug for our black treasure
And piled up all around
Great slag heaps, till the country,
Once smiling, grimly frowned.
And then the miners left it,
Useless and ugly ground.

SCHOOLBOYS with pick and shovel

Are working there today,
Courageously determined
To clear the mounds away,
Intent that a rose garden
Their labours shall repay.

Rejoice! Once more the grateful earth

To use and beauty shall give birth.

In Such a Hurry

A CORRESPONDENT, referring to the perpetual hurry of the roads, mainly indulged in by people who have nothing to do, reminds us of Byron's lines, written long before the internal combustion engine was invented:

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as Cayenne does a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so tis but in a hurry,
And merely for the sake of its own merits:
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,
The greater is the pleasure in arriving
At the great end of travel—which is driving.

It is astonishing how many people are consumed by a passion to be somewhere else. The beauty of England does not exist for the 50-mile-an-hour people who regard as an enemy any reasonable man who is driving out to admire his own country. Not for them to stand and stare when Nature offers us delight.

The Eye That Watched

FROM America comes a story which, if not true, is at least well invented.

In the interior of Africa the railways were laid by natives under the supervision of whites. When the white boss would leave the Negroes would loaf. One section foreman kept his gang in hand for quite a while. He had a glass eye, and when he left them he would remove it and place it on a stack of ties. Pointing to the eye he would say, "Boss leave, eye watch," and the gang would work as though he had never left.

The end came when one wise boy sneaked up behind the eye one day and covered it with his hat. When the boss came back the Negroes were all lying round in the shade.

A Prayer by R. L. S.

Give us to awake with smiles; give us to labour smiling; as the Sun lightens the world, so may our loving-kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

CHECK FOR HITLER

THE BOLD STAND OF THE PROTESTANTS

State Bishop Defied By the German Churches

NO POLITICAL LEADERS WANTED

We have heard the last of the attempt to make a political Church based on a pagan creed.

Herr Hitler's political bishops have been unable to stem the tide of those who have so readily surrendered the belief in God.

The crisis in the German Church was brought to a head by a meeting held in Berlin on the Saturday before the oath to Hitler was to be taken. The protesting representatives of the Evangelical Church deliberated for many hours and issued a message which was a direct challenge to Bishop Mueller and his party, and Herr Hitler refused to see his Bishop (Dr Mueller) and postponed indefinitely the taking of the oath which had been arranged for. It was a bold and statesmanlike utterance which was addressed to the German Government quite as much as to the Protestants. It was not an attack on the Nazi régime as such, but was a definite refusal to obey the Church rule set up by Bishop Mueller and Dr Jaeger.

Against the Scriptures

The message declared that the Gospel loses its supreme value for the Church if the Church is handed over to the powers of this world. It was against the Scriptures that there should be a political leadership, with unconditional obedience of the ministers to a Church government instead of to Christ. The constitution of the German Evangelical Church had been broken up, its local organs existed no longer, and the men who had seized the leadership had cut themselves off from the Christian Church by their methods.

The message then announced the appointment of a Council of Brethren to represent the Church, and summoned all Evangelical pastors and elders to take no instructions from the Reich Church Government of Bishop Mueller. The message ended by asking the Reich Government to note their decision and to recognise that in matters affecting its doctrine and organisation the Church is qualified to judge and decide.

Secret Police Defied

This message was read out in Dahlem Church by Dr Koch, the President of the Confessional Synod (which is the protesting body), who then proceeded to ordain those candidates for the ministry who had refused to be ordained by a man appointed by Bishop Mueller.

There is no doubt that this declaration is approved by the majority of German Protestants. In the south of Germany, where Bishop Meiser was practically a prisoner in his home at Munich, the Bavarian people held meetings in defiance of the secret police, and Dr Meiser was released from his captivity, while Dr Jaeger was deprived of some of his administrative authority.

Revolution of Feeling

It is the drastic measures adopted by Dr Jaeger to force political methods and political leadership on the Church that have caused this tremendous revolution of feeling. Dr Jaeger was appointed by the Prussian Minister of Education in June last year, with powers to manage the affairs of all the Lutheran Churches in Prussia, and his first step was to deprive the Church authorities of the free use of their press. As he began, so he went on, using coercion and trickery in his endeavours to dominate everybody.

The Evangelicals have been noted for their democratic system of Church government, working through freely-elected Synods. They appear determined to have this freedom in matters of religion, whatever their views may be on matters purely political.

THE WILD DREAM OF AN ENGINEER

LAST year, when Paris started the plans for the International Exhibition of 1937, an architect suggested the construction of a tower 2000 feet high.

A winding road would have allowed cars to go to a top platform provided with a hotel, a lecture hall, and a garage for 400 cars, the whole platform surmounted with a powerful beacon visible at several hundred miles distance. The plan, however, was rejected.

Now a French engineer, M Lassier, has presented a still more remarkable scheme for a gigantic tower in the shape of a cone 6000 feet high, built in reinforced concrete, to stand on a colossal circular base allowing for the full distribution of the pressure of ten million tons weight.

The tower is to include three platforms, the lower part of each platform, 90 feet high, constituting a complete

aerodrome with its centre as a garage and its open area as a starting-off place allowing the planes to leave the tower in full flight.

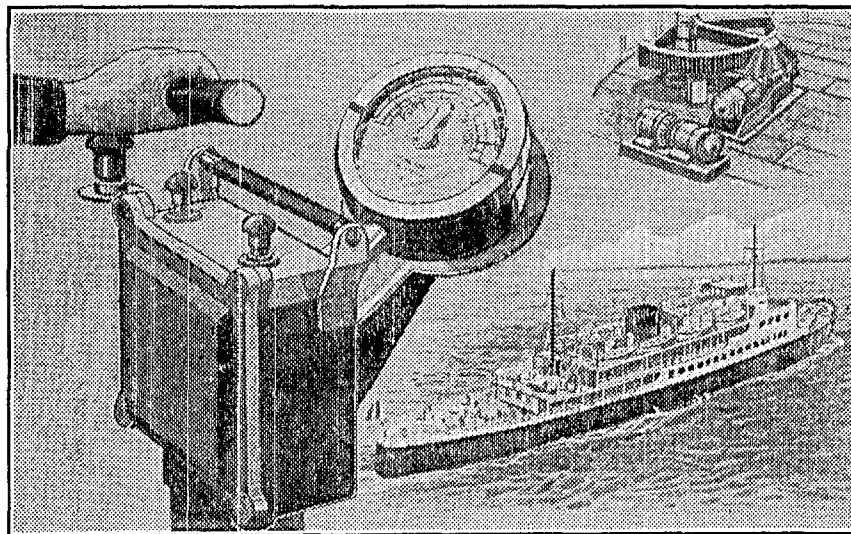
The scheme allows for the upper part of each platform to be divided into numbers of floors with private apartments for the staff, hotels, restaurants, playgrounds, and a sanatorium.

The situation for the new tower is already provided at Issy-les-Moulineaux, to the south of Paris, and the difficulty now lies in finding the money, one thousand million francs.

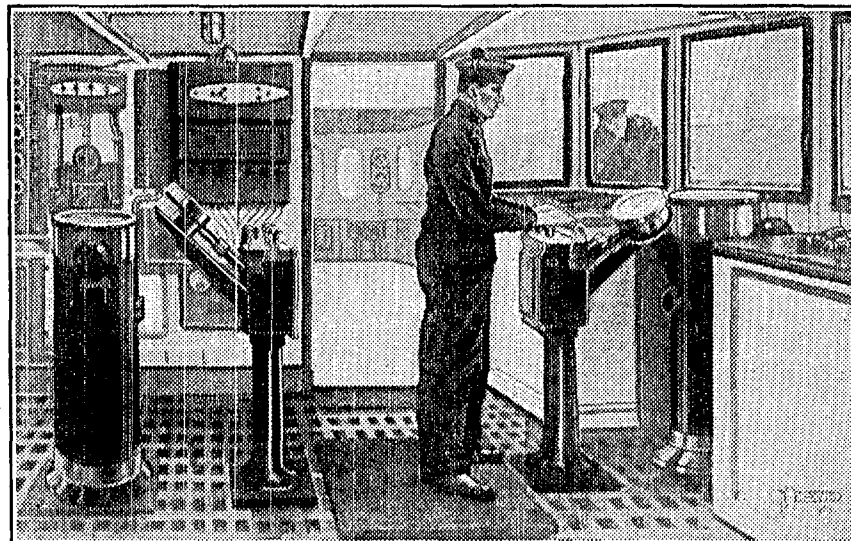
So far, a hundred million francs only have been raised, but the engineer hopes the tower may be started before the whole sum is raised.

We may be wrong, but we are willing to believe that neither the tower nor the money will be forthcoming.

STEERING A SHIP BY PRESSING A BUTTON



The Prince Baudouin, a new Belgian motor-ship on the Dover-Ostend service, is steered by pressing buttons. Instead of the usual wheel there is a control apparatus with two press-buttons. The helmsman rests his hands on a wooden rail, and to turn the ship to port he presses his palm down on the left button (as shown above on the left), and for a starboard turn he presses the right-hand button. The pointer of the dial shows the degree of turn. Above on the right is shown the electrical gear that moves the rudder.



Here is a view of the bridge of the Prince Baudouin. Behind the helmsman is a duplicate of the press-button steering device for use when the ship is going astern.

THINGS TO LEARN FROM ABROAD

SIR GODFREY COLLINS, the Secretary of State for Scotland, has wisely directed attention to Continental housing in connection with the British slum campaign.

In many places it is necessary to erect flats to house poor families who leave the slums, and there is much to learn in Continental countries, where so many people live in flats.

It is necessary (he points out) to build flats round an ample central courtyard and not to make them ugly solid blocks. The central space enables each flat to enjoy light and air, and forms a splendid playground for the children, where they are safe from traffic and cannot get lost.

In the Continental flats the basements are fitted up with communal baths,

well-equipped laundries, store-rooms for bicycles and prambulators. Sometimes there is central heating.

Often the Continental flats are closely associated with kindergartens, clinics for mothers, shops, cinemas, and so on.

In some countries it is made illegal to use the living-room as a sleeping-room, and even where the law permits it it is rarely done. This preserves a place for family life. On the Continent a big balcony is often provided for each flat. It is not only a pleasing architectural feature, but promotes health and comfort and offers the much-loved outlook on life.

Great care is taken to provide ample cupboards for general storage.

All this is excellent food for reflection for all engaged in flat construction.

SLUMS ROUND CAESAR'S TOMB

SWEEPING THEM AWAY

Mussolini Takes a Pickaxe and Begins

OUR MINISTERS PLEASE COPY

Signor Mussolini will soon deserve the title of a second Augustus for his energy in making Rome a city of fine buildings.

He has just signalled one of the ways in which he is bringing this to pass by himself removing the first stones of slum buildings which have spoiled the aspect of one of the most famous of Roman shrines, the tomb of the great Augustus himself.

C.N. readers know how he has made the Forum a thing of beauty, and by the removal of the many wretched buildings gathered about the walls of this shrine he hopes to restore it to the dignity it possessed 20 centuries ago.

A Dramatic Moment

It was a dramatic moment when, perched on the summit of a three-storeyed house, the officials handed him a miniature pickaxe to inaugurate the slum clearance. A miniature pickaxe was not to Mussolini's liking at all; he demanded the real thing, took off his tunic, rolled up his sleeves, and set to work like any Italian navvy. Soon he was in a cloud of dust, for, urged by his enthusiasm, the workmen near him seized their picks and laid about them as vigorously as he did.

The great tomb of Augustus is a round structure of concrete, ornamented with the net-like pattern so characteristic of Roman work. Since it was first built in 28 B.C. it has been put to strange uses. The great Emperor himself was laid to rest here in 14 A.D. Some 37 years before he had brought here for burial the young Marcellus, his nephew and son-in-law, the youth of 20 he loved so well, and who has been immortalised in Virgil's Aeneid.

In this great mausoleum they laid to rest most of the emperors of Rome, but, with the burial of Nerva at the end of the first century, there was no more room, and the famous mausoleum of Hadrian took its place. Within the building was a series of radiating chambers planned like a wheel, while on its top, records Tacitus, there was a great mound of earth planted with trees and flowers. A thousand years later it was used as a fortress by the celebrated Colonna family, who had little respect for the great dead who lay within its walls. Today only the bare walls stand, while the interior is covered by modern seats, for it has long been used as a concert hall.

A Proud Narrative

We hope that, in addition to demolishing the slums around it (pressing on it so closely that years ago we could hardly find the place), steps will be taken to restore some of its ancient grandeur, and especially that the two bronze tablets, which were formerly at the entrance, may be reconstructed there, and on them inscribed once more that record of the buildings constructed by Augustus, copied from the duplicate still to be seen in the Roman temple at Angora, which is one of the most important historical records in existence.

This inscription was written by the Emperor himself the year before he died, a proud narrative of all he accomplished for his country.

A WONDERFUL ALTAR CLOTH

Lincoln Cathedral has a new altar frontal. It was presented the other day by Miss Crookshank of Gainsborough, who has spent two years on the million stitches in its embroidery.

It is thought that this beautiful frontal is the only one in England in petit point work which has been made entirely by one person.

SCIENCE AND SEA CURRENTS

Forecasting Good or Bad Fishery Years

USES OF DRIFT-BOTTLES

By a Laboratory Correspondent

Our scientists have been discussing the question of sea currents and their relation to the fisheries.

It is now possible to make reasonably accurate forecasts as to good or bad fisheries a year or even two years in advance. One of the most important causes for good or bad years is the movement of the sea.

In the discussion it was pointed out that the sea's constant movement has an enormously important influence on the fishes because of the continued change brought about in physical conditions.

Fishes are dependent on certain horizontal movements of the sea (the currents) for the carrying of their food to the regions they inhabit. These currents also carry away the floating eggs and young fishes in various directions.

The Label in the Bottle

Horizontal currents carry away the eggs and young and also food; vertical movements bring up essential chemical foodstuffs from the depths and, by mixing with the surface waters, cause physical changes.

The measurement of currents is largely made by allowing what is called a drift-bottle to drift until picked up. Each bottle has enclosed in it a label on which in different languages is a request that it may be sent to headquarters with the date and place of its recovery.

In this way, if one knows where the bottle was put in the sea and where it was recovered, a good idea of the flow of water can be obtained.

Experiments have shown that there are extensive drift currents in the North Sea with very different chemical and physical qualities. The main stream current affecting the northern North Sea brings in Atlantic water around the north of Scotland. In the southern North Sea the flow is largely through the Strait of Dover. These two currents influence our fisheries to an enormous extent. Currents are measured by a special meter attached to the Varne Lightship.

Current and Wind

If we apply our knowledge of the currents and try to find out how they affect our fisheries many interesting facts are disclosed. For instance, there are good and bad years for the plaice and herring fisheries of the North Sea. The plaice come from the young spawned at the east end of the English Channel.

It is found that good fisheries may be expected when the currents move in such a direction that the young plaice are carried to the shallow water of the Continental coast, the Young Plaice Nursery Grounds. The herring fishery also depends to a large extent on these currents. Good haddock years are usually bad herring years, young haddock surviving best when the waters have been moving strongly to the south.

Both haddock and cod fisheries depend much on the wind, north-east winds being best for the survival of the broods of these fishes.

HONOUR CARDS

The municipality of Rogatz in Saxony has introduced an interesting innovation.

It has issued Honour Cards, as they are called, to all mothers of three or more children under 14, the cards conferring on their holders the privilege of preferential treatment on buses, trains, in shops, post offices, and every other place where crowds collect, and where, in the ordinary course of things, they might have to wait long for their turn, consumed with anxiety as to what was happening at home.

THE OLD MILL

A Home For a Poet

WHERE ALPHONSE DAUDET FOUND FAME

The houses where great men lived are often disappointing to see. But in Provence a little mill is waking from its slumbers for a second time, to be a charming memorial to the man who loved it and lived in it.

Who has not heard of Alphonse Daudet's mill? Many an English child could tell how it stands on a hill among pines and oaks in the village of Fontvieille. It brought fame to a poet who had been working amid the noise and dirt of Paris, and he gave it fame for itself. Before it helped him he loved it, and it is fitting that his friends should be repairing it and putting the garden in order, while old Madame Daudet takes charge of the souvenirs of her husband's work.

When Daudet Moved In

There was no lawyer in Fontvieille to draw up a contract when Alphonse Daudet saw his mill and decided to buy it, so the fife-player and the cross-bearer signed the paper, which reads:

Sold to Alphonse Daudet, poet in Paris, the present flour mill is situated in the very heart of Provence. It has been abandoned for 20 years, and does not work; it is covered with wild vines, moss, and rosemary up to the tips of its wings. The buyer declares that it suits his purpose and therefore he accepts it as it is.

So Daudet moved in, and wrote to tell his friends in Paris how much more fortunate he was than they. He told them that on the night of his arrival there were rabbits sitting in a ring by the mill, warming their paws in the moonlight! He pushed open the door and all the little cotton-tails scampered away; but inside another habitué of the mill remained to blink and scowl at the disturber of his peace. He was an old owl, and the poet hastened to renew his lease in the upper part of the mill, with a private entrance by the roof.

What He Was Looking For

There was hardly a sound as he wrote; sometimes a curlew calling, or the tinkle of a mulc-bell. Sunshine poured through the open door and bathed the lovely Provençal landscape in light. "It is exactly what I was looking for," wrote Daudet in 1865, "a thousand miles from newspapers and traffic and fog."

In these happy conditions he wrote the delightful Letters From My Mill, followed by other popular books, including Le Petit Chose, Contes du Lundi, and Tartarin de Tarascon. Since he died in 1897 his mill has slumbered again. Now it is becoming a little museum for his library and treasures; and, seeing it as he saw it, visitors may well say: "This is the very place for a poet."

1000 PICTURES

A Little Known Gallery

The magazine of the Great Western Railway has been calling attention to a charming little picture gallery which exists in a corridor leading to the company's headquarters at Paddington.

This little known art gallery contains nearly a thousand pictures and etchings and dates from the year 1880, when a Director, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, presented a series of engravings of places of interest on the railway.

Many pictures have been added since then, 11 of them reproductions of the famous Armada tapestry in the House of Lords which was burned in 1834.

Nine thousand more workers are on the railways as compared with last year, raising the number to 575,000.

The average earnings of signalmen are now 6s a week, while guards earn 7s, and drivers 9s.

B.B.C. AT SCHOOL

Next Week's Best Things

Here are some of next week's best things in the B.B.C. Talks to Schools in the National Programme.

Monday

2.5. In the Practice and Science of Gardening series Mr C. H. Middleton is going to describe the best way of digging, trenching, and ridging, and the treatment of different soils.

2.30. This week's World History Interlude, For This Man is a Roman, has been specially written by Naomi Mitchison. St Paul has been arrested in Jerusalem to save him from the angry mob. He appeals for trial in Rome.

Tuesday

11.30. Professor Victor Murray is to talk about Herdsmen and Cultivators of the Western Sudanese Savannahs. The caravans carry morocco leather and dyes for export from the walled cities of the interior to the coast, but we get other things beside leather and dyes from the Fulani and the Hausa.

2.5. Round the Countryside. A Foggy Day. By Richard Morse. Fogs do not come to us by chance. Every foggy day has a meaning for those who can read it. There is little or no difference between mists, fogs, and clouds, and some of the densest fogs are simply clouds that lie at ground level. The wild creatures of the countryside respond to fog in many ways, which are always interesting to watch.

Wednesday

2.5. The English History talk this afternoon will deal with the Bold Buccaneers. Schools will be introduced to Henry Morgan and other buccaneers of the 17th century. Morgan sacked the Spanish town of Panama, and after being knighted by Charles the Second was made Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. Not all buccaneers finished so respectably, as we shall hear.

2.30. In the English Literature series extracts from Henry the Fifth will be read this afternoon. It is hoped that classes not familiar with the play will be prepared beforehand by some discussion.

Thursday

11.30. Districts of England: The Dalesmen's Visitors. We have already heard of what the Dalesmen do. This week we shall hear what visitors do when they reach the Lake District, which has become more and more popular as a holiday centre. Rock-climbing, boating, fishing, and walking are among the attractions of the district. Mr K. G. Spence will talk, too, about some beautiful parts of the district which are being looked after by the National Trust.

2.5. Tracing History Backwards: The Commons Then. Baron Rollo, Mr Pepys, and Mr Addleshaw are all coming to the microphone to help Mr K. C. Boswell with descriptions of what the House of Commons was like in their time. Schools will learn what it was like at three distinct periods of its history, in the 13th, the 17th, and the 19th centuries. 2.30. Biology: How Animals Look at the World. Different animals look at the world in different ways. Frogs, crocodiles, and the hippopotamus are rather alike in the position of their eyes and nostrils, but dogs are different from cats, and sheep are different from rabbits. Some eyes magnify what they see, others multiply it. This afternoon Professor Mackinnon will give the first of her talks on how animals look at the world.

Friday

2.5. This afternoon's travel talk will be on Pineapples in Hawaii. Among the islands where Captain Cook was killed pineapples are now raised in huge quantities. The pineapple is easy to grow, but it has to be gathered, which is a rather prickly business, and then canned and exported. Mr Clifford Collinson will describe all this; but George is with him, and George goes surf-riding on Waikiki beach.

OUR CINCINNATUS

FROM THE PREMIERSHIP TO A FARM

Mr Lloyd George's Experiments in Surrey

WHAT TO DO WITH POOR SOIL

The first-class man has the universal mind and can turn his hand to anything.

Mr Lloyd George, on his Surrey farm, is showing a neglectful nation what can be done with its poorest soil. Like Cincinnatus, when he had saved Rome, he has passed from war to peace, from a wartime dictatorship to the management of the plough.

So much of our soil is fertile that the land which was once a Roman granary should be ashamed to see so many acres given up to poverty-stricken grass and weeds.

Our land is for the most part good land, in point of opportunity far above the average soil of Europe. Yet our agriculture is regarded as a poor relation of industry. Year by year the rural population declines and overcrowded towns offer an uncertainty of employment unknown to the peasant.

Surrey's Commons

The value of Mr Lloyd George's work in Surrey lies in the fact that he is farming some of the poorest and hungriest soil in England.

Surrey is rich in commons because so much of it was deemed too poor to cultivate. The pine and heather district is beautiful, but from the agricultural point of view is thought barren. Fine sand, in which bracken revels, covers a hard pan which, only broken through, reveals sand again.

To grow crops on such soil means that they must be artificially fed, and that is successfully accomplished in the hundreds of sandy acres which Mr Lloyd George cultivates. Hard and soft fruits, potatoes, green vegetables, eggs, poultry, pigs are being produced at a profit.

The man who has stepped down from the Premiership triumphantly carries off prizes for apples and potatoes in competition with men working first-class land. The value of scientific cultivation and manuring has been demonstrated.

National Defence

It would be surprising if Mr Lloyd George did not understand the importance of food-raising to our island, for in the war we were nearly brought to subjection by a submarine blockade which sank at sight every food ship it could reach. For long the issue lay in the balance. We were saved by wise shipping strategy, but there is no guarantee that we could again survive a submarine attack if we were unassisted by America.

British agriculture, properly regarded, is a bulwark of national defence. The Dominions cannot guarantee us food in wartime, for their supplies come from far over the seas and would need ample naval protection.

Very important also are the questions of health and employment. Land work is steady work, healthy work. With no British acre wasted our society would be much more secure, whether in peace or war.

THE KINGFISHERS OF HYDE

Workers at a cotton mill in Hyde, Cheshire, often see flashes of colour which make their hearts leap up.

Next to their mill is a garden, and there kingfishers dart about after insects. Most of us glimpse their wonderful blue and gold and green only now and then, but these mill-workers know them well, for between 25 and 30 birds have made their home in this garden since two escaped from an aviary and decided to live in Hyde some years ago.

Arthur Mee's Broadcast

Autumn Supplement to the Children's Newspaper—Number Four

THE THINGS THE WORLD IS MADE OF

We have been looking at the way we have come and at the home the Architect of the Universe made for us. Let us now look at the things the world is made of and the wonder beyond the atom.

A MAN in 1682 saw a comet pass. He knew it would come back in 1759. The man was dead then, but the comet came back. We do not know where the British Empire will be in the year 2034, but we know where Venus will be in that year. We know that the sun and the earth are flying to a particular point in Hercules; we know they fly about 200,000 miles a day, and will reach their destination in their destined time. It is said that the sun and the earth might collide; but our astronomers, the silent watchers of the Universe, tell us that the earth and sun have travelled thousands of miles an hour for millions of years without an accident, and we are not afraid.

We begin to see that these worlds are not blown hither and thither as feathers in the wind. They go the way marked out for them; they are subject to the laws by which a violet grows; they obey the Mind that dominates your life and mine.

Can anyone imagine that a Universe so stupendous as this should be needed for man? We do not know; we are not concerned with that. We can only say that it is Nature's way. Why is such a maze of machinery needed for making a pin or a pair of boots? We must leave these questions, in the faith of Shakespeare that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Let us come down from the skies and look about us. Let us see the things the world is made of, and talk of things we know.

The world is made up of about eighty kinds of matter. We call them gases, liquids, and solids, but we can heat a solid into a liquid, and a liquid into a gas. We can make iron run like water, and make water so hard that a sword will not cut it in two. We can freeze the air itself, or make it liquid and harness it to our work. It would fill a whole encyclopedia to say what we can do with these eighty things.

Space and the Speck of Dust

It is a long time since men believed that everything on earth was made of air, earth, fire, and water; but it is not long since men believed that an atom of matter was one of God's foundation-stones, the thing we could not get beyond. But now we see the very atoms breaking up, and beyond them is a world of wonder rivalling the stars themselves. Up in the telescope, down in the microscope, the mind of man staggers and reels as he looks.

For what the mind of man discovers far beyond the atom is something like a

little solar system. Think of the solar system revolving in the vastness of space and think of it revolving in a speck of dust, and the wonder of matter may begin to dawn on you. Inside a thing so small that the microscope will not pick it up unless we roll a million million of them into one, is the space in which the systems of matter revolve.

None of it is still. Every atom in this flying world is flying to and fro. There is not a thing on earth that is not for ever moving itself. Pick out a letter *o* on this page and look at it, and drop in the middle of it a bubble of hydrogen. The number of atoms flying about in that bubble is 80,000 billions, and each one passes 6000 million neighbours in a second, in a twinkling of an eye. If atoms were people and had eyes, one atom in this bubble would see all the

is their actual speed that actually the bulb would fill itself while you read this.

So this matter that looks so still is in ceaseless agitation. *All matter, if we could see it, is like a thick swarm of bees.* It needs little imagination to see that power lies in these moving things, but the extent of the power lying there is beyond our dreams. There is power in an atom to break a continent in two, and a fraction of the energy in matter, if set free, would send the earth back to the nebula. An atom, in breaking up, shoots out electrons at a speed a bullet could only equal with a million barrels of gunpowder behind it, and it is said that an electron moves as much faster than a bullet as a bullet is faster than a snail.

It is this marvellous power within the invisible atoms of matter that makes up all the wonder of this world. It is these throbbing specks of about eighty kinds of matter, throbbing in response to laws laid down for suns and storms and oceans, and children playing in the fields, that give us light and colour and sound. It is this whirl of matter

matter. We find its barriers in man's way whenever he would dig a canal or bore a tunnel. But matter is the vehicle of mind and the instrument of power, and it is possible to think of it until it seems the greatest miracle of all.

Slaves Made From Matter

We see the river gliding through the hills, the glacier pushing through the mountain slopes, the sunset on the Nile, and the hills ground flat like a sea of sand; and we think of the countless ages through which matter has been fashioned as we see it now. We see the swaying of a tree in the wind, the full moon shining over the troubled North Sea, the daffodils nodding their heads, and we think of the poetry and beauty that throb through matter everywhere. We see the aeroplane flying past, we see the Flying Scotsman in the night, we see a great Cunarder launched, and we marvel at the slaves that man has made from matter.

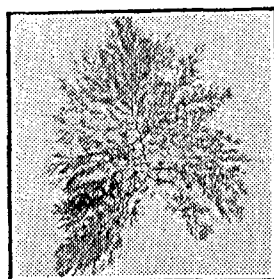
But if our eyes could see it as it is, and if our hands could use it as it is, matter would tempt man once again to bow down before it.

In the days when man knew nothing of matter he feared it and worshipped it; when man knows the truth about matter he will want to worship it again.
continued next week

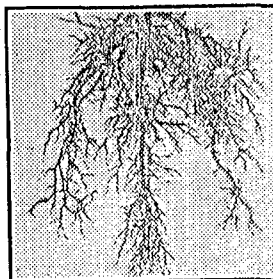


The World—what will they do with it?

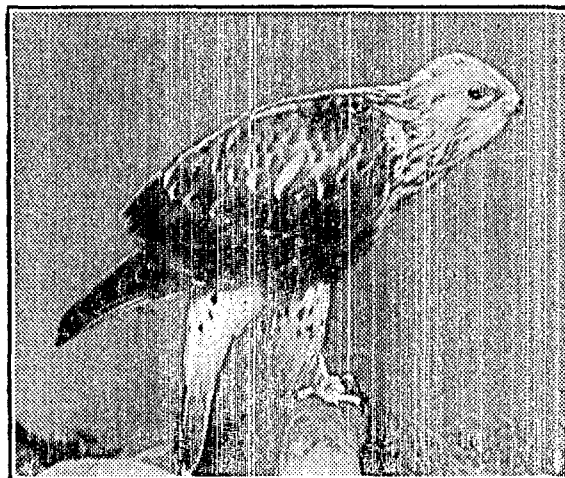
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



Red ptilota seaweed is found on the seashore



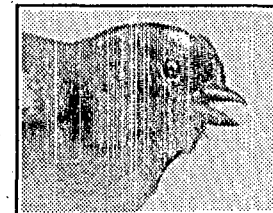
Beard moss is found hanging on trees



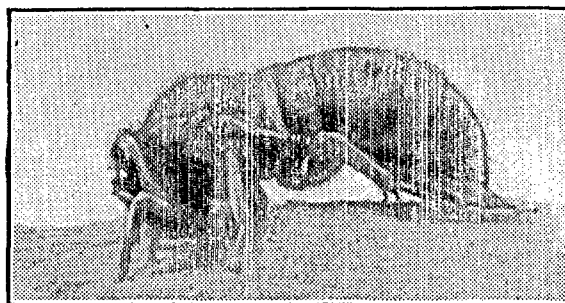
The rough-legged buzzard is an occasional visitor to the Eastern counties for the winter



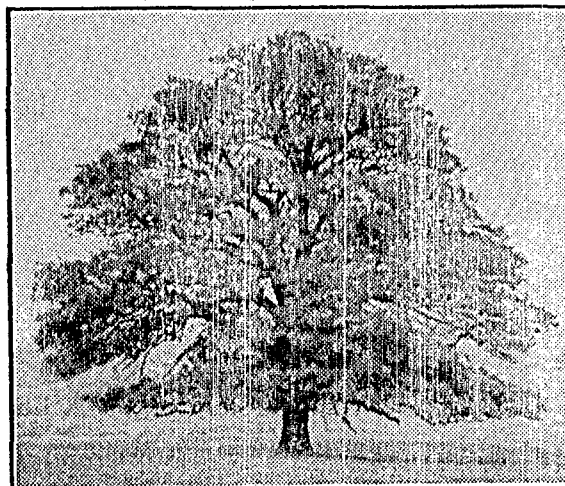
Great spotted woodpeckers are now more common visitors for the winter



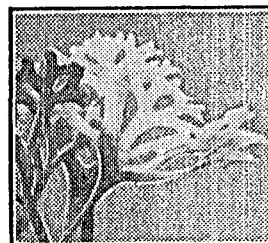
Chaffinches should now be encouraged in gardens for they eat the seeds of weeds



The queen wasp is now hibernating



The leaves may be seen still hanging on many oak trees



Carrageen moss seaweed is thrown up on beaches



The cornucopia lichen is found on heaths

THE STORY OF TEN THOUSAND YEARS

It is almost nothing in the history of Life, of the Earth, or of Man, yet it is as far back as we can go with a definite history of the world. What has happened in these ten thousand years? Let us take a quick look at it.

The World 100 Centuries Ago

IN ten thousand years man has not changed very much. If we could see a man of those days we should think him a foreigner, but should not imagine he was anything but a man. Men were living in towns and obeying laws and making pictures ten thousand years ago.

Even long before ten thousand years ago men found out how to make houses for themselves of wood and mud and stones; and how to make platforms rising out of the water on the edges of lakes, on which they could build their huts, which were useful for fishing, and kept them out of reach of the great wild beasts with which they had to fight. The men were weaker than the beasts, but they more than made up for that by using weapons.

How Civilisation Began

Then they found out how to tame some of the beasts, and how they could plant and sow. Instead of living in solitary families or little groups, as wild creatures do, they began to collect together in much bigger groups, in the places where it was easiest for large numbers of people to get food for themselves and their cattle. As the groups got bigger they found they must make rules which everyone had to obey. Then they found out that they could make better tools out of metal than those of bone and stone: copper hardened with tin to make bronze; and, after a time, better still, out of iron. When once they had found out about iron, they could go ahead ever so much faster.

Ten thousand years ago men had not learned to use iron. By that time great numbers of them had gathered together in two vast groups in the plains watered by two mighty rivers, the Nile and the Euphrates—in Egypt and Mesopotamia; and you may think of those two regions as the two centres where civilisation began; orderly life, that is, in which great numbers of people were all obeying the same rules, or laws.

Egypt and Babylon

By the time this had been going on for three or four thousand years the people who lived in those two countries had learned many things: about astronomy, and carving, and especially building.

It was some six thousand years ago, four thousand years before Christ was born (or maybe some hundreds of years more), that the kings in the land of Egypt set about building up those huge masses of stone, with flat straight sides towering up to a point, which we call the Pyramids; they are there even to this day. Hundreds and hundreds of men must have toiled to move each of the great blocks of stone of which they are built, for there were no steam-engines in existence then.

In those days there was a mighty empire in Egypt and another at Babylon; and we can tell what kind of people lived there, and how they lived, from the carvings and pictures that were made on the rocks and on the stone walls of the buildings. There were other folk living in many other parts of the world, but we know of no other civilised empires. These folk were mostly living in smaller groups, with their flocks and herds, moving about from place to place; and yet others,

who had never learned even to keep flocks and herds, still lived in quite small groups, making their living just by hunting and fishing. Then the big groups grew bigger and bigger; but instead of settling down in one place, first one great piece and then another would break off from a big group and travel away year by year, till it found a land where it wanted to settle down.

When these groups had learned to live under a common law and submit to rules and discipline they were able, when they came to a land which seemed to them desirable, to conquer the wild folk they found there, and make slaves of them.

About a thousand years after the Pyramid time the Chinese had begun to build up an empire of their own, far away in the east of Asia; and a great group of people, who spoke the language from which nearly all the languages now spoken in Europe are descended, was making the conquest of India.

The Children of Israel

Meanwhile the old Egyptian and Babylonian Empires went on; and sometimes the lordship of them passed to the dwellers in one part, and sometimes to the dwellers in another.

The Empire of Nineveh, or Assyria, rose up in Mesopotamia; and Babylon fell, and rose again. One of the great migrating groups invaded Egypt and conquered it, and ruled it for some hundreds of years, their chiefs being known as the Shepherd Kings. Some people think it was in those days that the Children of Israel dwelled in Egypt, first in honour, and then in bondage when the Shepherd Kings were driven out again.

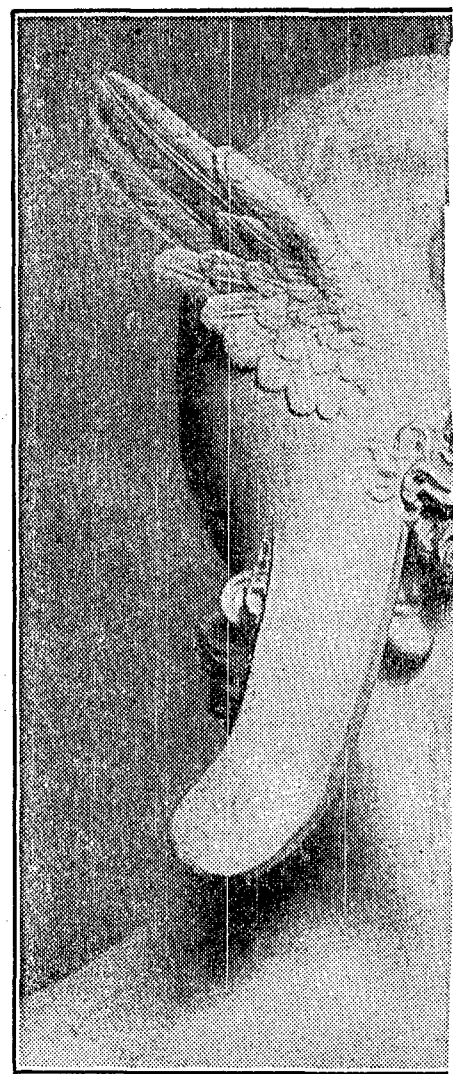
In those days other kingdoms were being set up about the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean Sea. Another migrating group called Celts, whose tongue was akin to that of the folk who had conquered India (the common name Aryan is given to all the groups of this kindred) had been marching through Europe; some of whom, it may be, had already found their way to our own islands, to France, and perhaps to Spain.

The Latins and the Greeks

We have now got down to some three and a half thousand years ago, about the time when the Hebrews were taking possession of the land of Canaan; and besides the Egyptian Empire, and the Empires of Nineveh and Babylon, there was a great Syrian Empire (which must not be confused with that of Assyria) called that of the Hittites. About this time two more of the Aryan groups were setting up great cities and States, the Latins in Italy, and the Hellenes, or Greeks, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The Hebrew nation became a mighty kingdom under Saul and David and Solomon, and the Hittite Empire perished; and still the Pharaohs ruled Egypt; and sometimes Assyria, and sometimes Babylon, had the upper hand in Mesopotamia. When we get to 1000 B.C., or thereabouts, the wonderful Greek people were in possession of Greece, the isles of the Mediterranean, and the coast regions of Asia Minor; and the Hebrew kingdom had become the two kingdoms of Judah and Israel.

continued next week



The Head of Per

Familiar Sights of THE MAN WHO INTO T

THERE is nothing extraordinary about his appearance, nothing to make you wonder who he is or what he does for a living. He might be a seaman or one of the countless artisans who toil with their hands in dockland or the heavy industries. He is inclined to be short, with a good breadth of chest, sound as a bell in wind and limb, although his movements seem rather leisurely.

How the Diver Works

Perhaps those leisurely movements come from his experiences in another world, for working under water is rather different from working in the fields, and you cannot expect a man carrying a heavy load to move as quickly as a man without a load. We are apt to forget that the diver works under strong pressures and that he therefore carries invisible loads of many tons unknown to other workers.

He wanders into a wooden office. "What's wrong?" he asks.

"The hopper dropped her anchor last night and they want you to recover it," is the reply.

The diver laughs. "Clumsy beggars," he remarks. "Where is she?"

Gathering the information, he wanders off to let his attendant dress him in the regulation woollens before he struggles into the waterproof suit.

Once he has settled his legs he skilfully scoops a little soft soap from a tin and smears it over his knuckles and the backs of his hands before putting his arms in the sleeves.

The attendant forces the tight rubber cuffs of the dress open while the diver pushes until his hands slip through.



eus, by Canova

PETER SIMPLE THINKS IT OUT

Life is full of mystery, and the wisest man knows little. Behind the everyday world about us everywhere is a wonder too great for words. Peter Simple will think here of these things, trying to work some of them out.

Why the Leaves Turn Red

LEAVES pick out their colour from the white light falling on them from the sun, letting all the other colours through except green, which it throws back into our eyes.

But not all the leaf's green comes from without. It has pigments (or paints) within. The most important of them in the life of the leaf is the green chlorophyll, intimately bound up with its work. But there are others, more like the bodies which give blue to the cornflower, or orange to a flower that climbs on walls, or scarlet to the berries of the rowan tree.

These pigments, though their colours differ so widely, belong to the same chemical family. They may be described as cousins or married relations.

Chlorophyll Greens and Yellows

A leaf has two chlorophyll green-pigments which assist it in using the red-orange rays of the sunlight, so as to take from the air the carbon it wants for building-up the food of the plant. But along with the chlorophyll greens are two chlorophyll yellows, belonging to the fatty family of pigments which colour the shrimp and the carrot.

Leaves work hard all the summer at their task of building-up sugars and other food from sunlight and air, so that when autumn comes they are worn out and prepare to die beautifully in a sunset glow of colour, splendid and serene in their passing beauty.

If they continued active they would be a source of weakness to the tree during winter, for they would be using and losing water without paying for it. That is why they fall.

But across the base of the leaf stalk is a layer of plant cells of a kind different from that of the leaves. This hardens into cork when the leaf falls, and so closes up the scar. The tree, when the leaves have gone, can go to sleep and hibernate without fear of

injury. It has no drain on it from the leaves, and their departure has withdrawn from it any poisonous by-products of the summer's activity.

But the leaves before they go enrich their tree with all they have to spare and bind up the wounds. Nothing is left to themselves except dust and ashes, and in their last days they give beauty for these ashes.

The chlorophyll yellows, as they break up in the autumn, impart the golden yellows of the ash trees and the willows and the chestnuts. At the same time other pigments, resembling those which colour the cornflower or the rowan berry or the cheek of the apple, come out into the open. They have been hidden till now, dissolved in the sap, though sometimes present in grains.

What they have been doing not even the botanists know for certain. They may act as a screen to absorb sunrays that would injure the pigments at work in the leaf or raise its temperature too much. They may help to prolong the life of the leaf a little longer. Most of them are allied to the sugars, and as the temperature falls in autumn the sugar accumulates, so that they have a double opportunity for presenting themselves. Some show themselves in the flaming crimson maples or in the creepers on the walls of houses.

Canada's Famous Maple Woods

In some places they display themselves with a gorgeousness that is famous. The maple woods on the banks of the St Lawrence are one of the sights of Canada. The maples have plenty of sugar, and in the Indian summer of the year sunshine is abundant, water plentiful, and temperature low.

These things make dying slow, giving time for the slow splitting-up of the greenish and yellowish pigments and for an abundant formation of the sugary pigments of orange and scarlet hue.

continued from the previous column

"Send down a line," he says. His job is done.

Not very romantic, but risky all the time. His sole link with life is a little rubber tube through which air is pumped. His safety depends on the men in the boat who supply him with air and look after his lines. If they failed him he might die a painful death, but his faith in them is absolute.

Today and Tomorrow

Today he is fumbling in the mud for a lost anchor, tomorrow he may be wandering round the bottom of a ship to see what damage she has sustained in a collision; the day after that he may discover that the tide is scouring a hole under the lower stones of the harbour wall. He measures up the length and depth and breadth of the hole to gain a rough idea of the amount of concrete required to fill it in, and rises easily up the shot-rope to report.

When he tackles the task they lower the concrete ready mixed in sacks, and he manipulates them into the hole until they are lying just as he wishes, when he may slit them with a knife and spread the concrete, or just stamp down the sacks with his leaden soles and leave

them intact to become as hard as stone. His next occupation may be scraping the bottom of a ship that has been at sea a long time and got very foul.

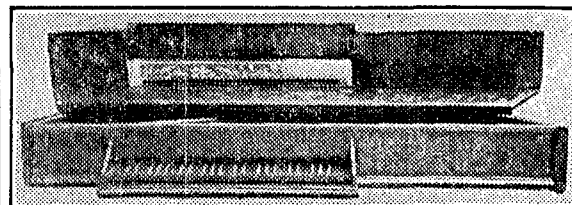
He may spend his working days for a year or two building a harbour, setting the giant stones largely by touch; he may spend many a spell in the bed of a river repairing the buttresses of a bridge, making his fingers serve him as eyes in the muddy water and still doing perfect work. As the tides run strongly he is obliged to dive and work at slack water.

Sunken Treasure

Next week he may be called to a ship partly submerged in some sandy bay and have to patch her up to get her into dock; once or twice in his working life he may get the chance to dive for sunken treasure. The thought of handling ingots of gleaming gold is full of romance; but to the diver hanging on the shot-rope and being swayed by the currents it is hard and risky work.

Scientists have carried out countless experiments for him, brave men have sacrificed their lives to make his work safer for him, but if the primary rules laid down by science be broken, or if some little hitch occurs under water, his own life may be forfeit.

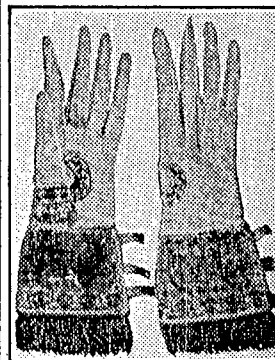
PICTURE MUSEUM QUEEN ELIZABETH RELICS



The virginal on which she would play



Queen Elizabeth—a portrait by an artist of her day



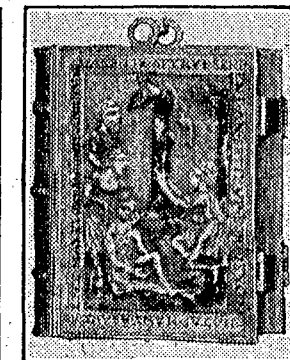
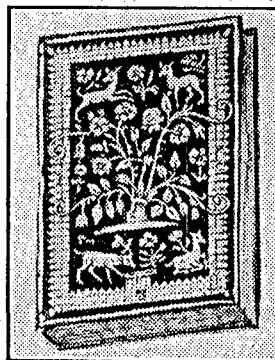
Her gloves



Her boots



In this cot Queen Elizabeth slept as a baby



Two of her prayer books: one with an embroidered cover and the other with an enameled gold cover

Our New World GOES DOWN THE SEA

"Better have a couple of wristbands," he remarks.

The wrists of the dress are the only apertures through which water might penetrate, hence the reason they fit so tightly and the added precaution of strong rubber wristbands to make them secure beyond all doubt.

The strong metal corselet is fitted.

"Where's my cap?" asks the diver. The attendant hands him a red woollen cap, which gives him a piratical appearance as he pulls it well down on his head. He holds up his feet for the attendant to put on some slippers, for he has to walk some distance to the diving boat to don his helmet and boots and weights.

Once in the diving boat he kicks the slippers off and lets the attendant strap his feet in the giant boots with their lead soles; the helmet is clicked home and locked on the ring of his breastplate. He stands on the ladder while they lash two 40-lb weights to breast and back; the men at the double-handed air pump begin to turn; and at the all-clear signal from his attendant he steps down the ladder, catches the shot-rope with his leg, and slides down it about 40 feet to the bottom.

All in His Day's Work

Without a qualm he lets himself sink down in the five or six feet of soft mud in which the anchor hides and begins to search. He is submerged in horrible slime.

Does the diver worry? Not a bit. It is all in his day's-work. Suddenly he slips into a little hole and his foot strikes something solid. It is the anchor.

continued in the next column

Little Journeys With the CN

MOTHER OF A GREAT CAPITAL

Melbourne is keeping its first centenary and it has had two messages from English villages. One is from the Parish Council of Great Aytoun, which will not take part in the celebrations because it does not like the idea of Melbourne having uprooted the old cottage of Captain Cook's father from its village. The other is from the Derbyshire Melbourne, the little mother of the great capital of Victoria. We have been to see the Derbyshire Melbourne.

WE come upon it with delightful suddenness, a green corner of England proud to be the little mother of one of the Empire's capitals, but prouder still of something else, for it has one of the best Norman churches to be found in our countryside.

All about us here are limes, elms, and sycamores. There are two small greens, one with a shapely tree and one with a fine cross, 20 feet high, in memory of about 100 men who did not come home again. The fine tithe barn is 700 years old with a doorway 500 years young.

MELBOURNE HALL, its Tudor walls re-fashioned 200 years ago, has 15 acres of lovely gardens, which have been growing more beautiful since they were first planted in the 18th century.

It is a place of endless fascination with its terraces and lawns, its avenues with charming vistas, its noble cedars and pines, the fountains and lead statues, the summerhouse like a birdcage of hammered iron, the yew tunnel a hundred yards long like an aisle of weird shapes as we walk along it.

There is a memorial urn representing the four seasons. It was given by Queen Anne; it has four monkeys supporting a lead vase crowned by a bowl of fruit and flowers. There are four heads round the edge of the vase, which has 24 figures of children at play. It was the gift of the Queen to Thomas Coke, the maker of these gardens, who was born at the Hall in 1674 and lies in the chancel of the church.

THE house passed to the Lambs, the family which gave the Victoria Era its first Prime Minister. It was while staying at the old Hall in 1650 that Richard Baxter wrote some of his Saint's Everlasting Rest.

Melbourne Pool, across the road from the Hall, is delightful with its island trees and the fine park beyond. The pool is 20 acres and fills the old quarry which gave the stone for Melbourne Castle, the ancient stronghold of which only a wall in a farmyard remains. It was to this castle that the Duke of Bourbon was brought a captive from Agincourt; here he remained a captive for about 19 years till released for a ransom of £18,000. Set free at last, he left Melbourne for London on his way to France and died before he could set sail for his native land.

THE wonderful church of Melbourne is built in the shape of a cross with a central tower, and two small western towers with a fine doorway between them opening into a portico with a vaulted roof. This rare kind of entrance in a village church opens at each side into a smaller portico each one opening in turn to the aisles.

It is a majestic place, with 125 arches built by the Normans for bays and windows. The nave has five Norman bays each side. The fine horseshoe arches with chevrons rest on massive pillars 15 feet high and over 12 feet

round. Above the arches are the arcades of the triforium opening on to the clustered windows.

The triforium arches, through which we can walk round the whole of the nave and the tower, are Norman on the north and mostly 13th-century work on the south.

Three tiers of Norman arcading adorn the walls of the central tower, and the capitals of two of the massive pillars supporting the tower are intricately carved with a number of faces and grotesques, animals and birds, peeping out from foliage.

THE chancel, divided from the nave by a medieval screen made new, is dim in contrast with the full light of the nave, its windows being chiefly interesting as a tribute to Colonel Gooch, who went out from the Hall to Waterloo, where he closed and held the door of a farmhouse against a strong column of the French Army.

We noticed also in the chancel a tribute to John Middleton, vicar for 47 years, who was followed by Joseph Deans for 57 years of last century. A fine brass inscribed to the memory of William Cantrell, who died in 1890, has on it:

God knows what his faults were; I knew them not.

There is an odd little company of stone portraits in the south transept, now used as a vestry.

On the wall are to be seen three alabaster stones with four queer figures crudely drawn. One shows Henrie Hardie and his wife Elizabeth; they lived in Shakespeare's day, and Henrie is shown in armour with hair which looks as if he had had a fright, his wife having a great wrap all round her face with hair rather like a fountain playing. On the other stones are extraordinary figures of Sir Robert Hardinge and his wife, who died toward the end of the 17th century. He has a gown with many buttons and a mop of hair flowing to his shoulders; she has a gown with a pointed bodice and full skirt, a cape over her shoulders, with ringlets and a necklace.

IT seemed to us a little odd that in a cottage here should have been born that Thomas Cook whose name is known to every tourist in the world, and that in the great Hall lived a man who carried the name of the village across the world to the capital of the Australian State of Victoria.

How could Thomas Cook ever have dreamed that a man would one day fly from Mildenhall in England to Melbourne in Victoria in a week-end!

Robots of the Twentieth Century

THE INVISIBLE SAFETY MEN

THE Invisible Safety Man is everywhere. Unseen he sits beside the pilot in the cockpit of the plane, he stands beside the ship's captain on the bridge, he lends a hand to the driver of the train. He is never in the way, but never out of the way. He is the automatic control, the man-made Robot.

Many years ago Samuel Butler wrote of a country of Erewhon where machines had been brought to such a pitch that they governed the men who had made them and grew so insufferable that at last the inhabitants rose against them and forbade any machinery to appear in the country.

OUR Robots are not of that kind yet; they are our humble servants. On the aeroplane they may assume the outward form of automatic slots on the wings to keep them from dipping perilously. On the sea, as in the air, the Robot is a gyroscope, exerting an invisible power to keep the ship on its course or on an even keel.

The gyroscope, or gyrostat, is a wheel taking the spinning-top as its model. While it is spinning a top will stand upright on its peg, strongly resisting attempts to push it over. In the same way any wheel if revolving fast enough will continue to revolve in the plane where it was set spinning, and any attempt to make it move out of that plane will be firmly resisted.

MORE than one attempt has been made to use wheels weighing 25 tons to check the rolling of big ships, but the more important use is to employ the gyroscopic wheel to keep the magnetic needle of the compass from straying.

On steel ships the magnetic needle was continually being drawn aside by the attraction of the surrounding steel, and pitching and rolling also disturbed its even balance. But nothing can alter the determination of the gyroscopic compass to point true magnetic North. On some gyroscopic compasses the wheels make 20,000 revolutions a minute, and such a Robot is unaffected by the discharge of big guns on the ship or a magnetic storm outside it.

There are other Robots less imposing on the locomotive and the electric train. What would the engine-driver do without his handyman the Safety Valve, which releases steam when the pressure is too high?

When the water-level becomes too low, the fire-box too hot, the plug blows out, and releases water in the fire-box. The fuse-boxes in our electrically lighted houses are Robots of the same kind. They blow out when something has gone wrong with the electric current.

THEN, to return to the locomotive, there are the governors to shut off the steam supply and control the speed. On the motor of a gramophone the governor works a friction brake for the same purpose. But the railways have a regiment of Robots. The whole system of automatic signalling, by which a passing train turns off or on the green light or the red, and raises or depresses the stop or come-on signals, is worked by these invisible men. If in consequence of sudden illness the driver of an electric train relaxes his grip the invisible man comes into action and stops the train.

Sometimes the unseen man is heard. At Earl's Court Station the passengers waiting at the entrance to the Tube gates hear a gruff voice saying Lift Ascending, and the lift comes into view and the gates open. Gates Closing says the Robot, and they begin to close; while his final warning, "Stand away from the gates, please," precedes the lift's descent or ascent. He never makes a mistake.

Then there is the safety switch putting out electric circuits on planes and cars in case of accident; another turns on a Stop lamp behind the car as a warning to following cars when the brake is employed; and the Traffic Lights, red, amber, and green, are an example of Robot organisation. Sometimes the lights are regulated by the clock; sometimes the vehicles operate them as they approach.

MANY other invisible safety men protect life and limb and property. One takes care that the lift gate shall not be opened at the landing while the lift is in motion; and the invisible men start it and stop it. Another expert, named the automatic fire sprinkler, turns on a stream of water when the surroundings become too hot.

The most mysterious, and the latest invented, are the photo-electric cell, its near ancestor the selenium cell, and the invisible ray. A selenium cell is an electric cell built up about the metal selenium which has the curious property of letting a greater or lesser amount of electricity flow through it according to the light falling on it. The photo-electric cell is a Robot which responds to these changes of light more quickly, more sensitively, and more regularly.

AT one or two exhibitions of valuable articles a silken rope has been stretched in front of the treasures. If anyone put a foot, or even stretched an arm, beyond the rope, the roar of a siren made itself heard, thanks to an unseen barrier of a ray of light, made up of a bundle of the invisible rays of the spectrum. These rays fell on a photo-electric cell. When their passage was interrupted by an arm or by any opaque body the current flowing through the cell was altered, and this fact was signalled, through electric connections, by the sounding of a siren and a warning to the exhibition attendants to close the doors.

The interruption of the rays can give warning of a burglar who unknowingly crosses them. The rays will detect an outbreak of fire or smoke on a ship. They can be made by suitable connections to open a door for an approaching visitor. Most ingenious of their applications is that in sorting-machines, where they will take note of differences that might elude the human eye; and, unlike the human eye, they never tire.

Dramatic Scenes From the Bible

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

Behold there cometh to Jesus one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus; and when he saw him he fell at his feet, and besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death; I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her that she may be healed, and she shall live.

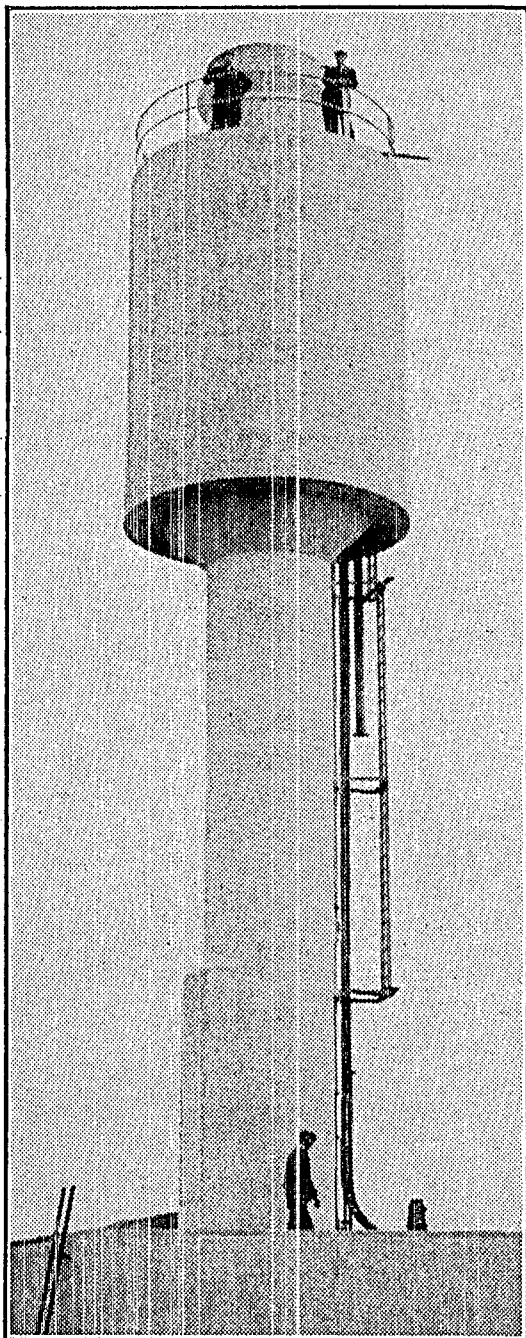
Jesus went with him, and there came certain which said, Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further?

As soon as Jesus heard he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid,

only believe; and he cometh to the house, and seeth the tumult, and he saith, Why make ye this ado, and weep? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn.

But when he had put them all out he taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying. And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi, which is, Damsel, I say unto thee, arise. And straightway the damsel arose and walked.

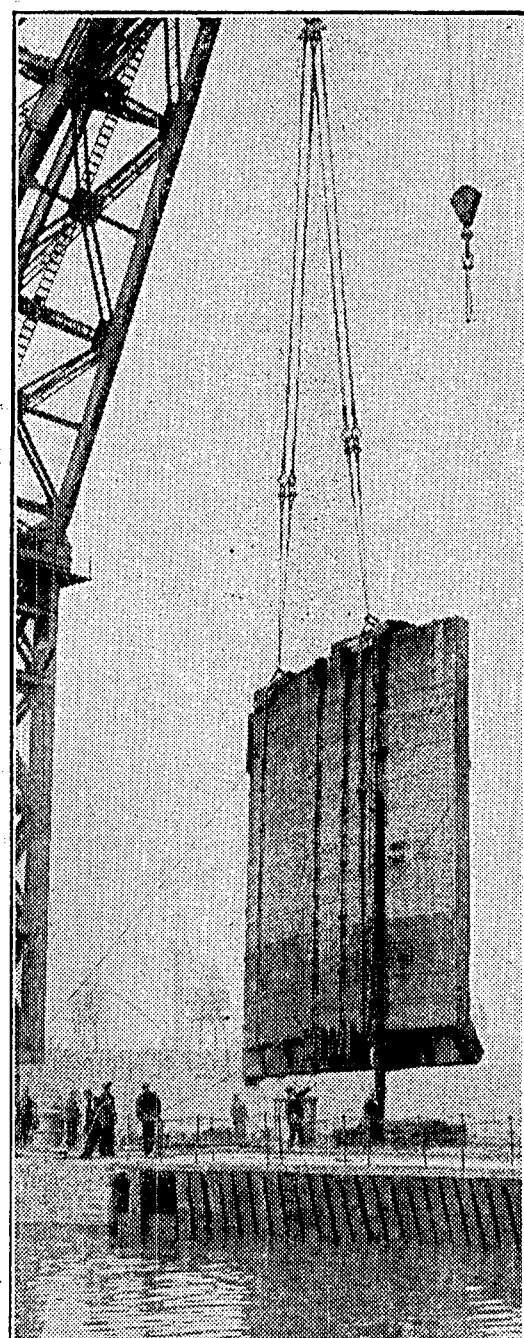
LIFTING A LOCK GATE · NETBALL · LITTLE ONES AT THE ZOO



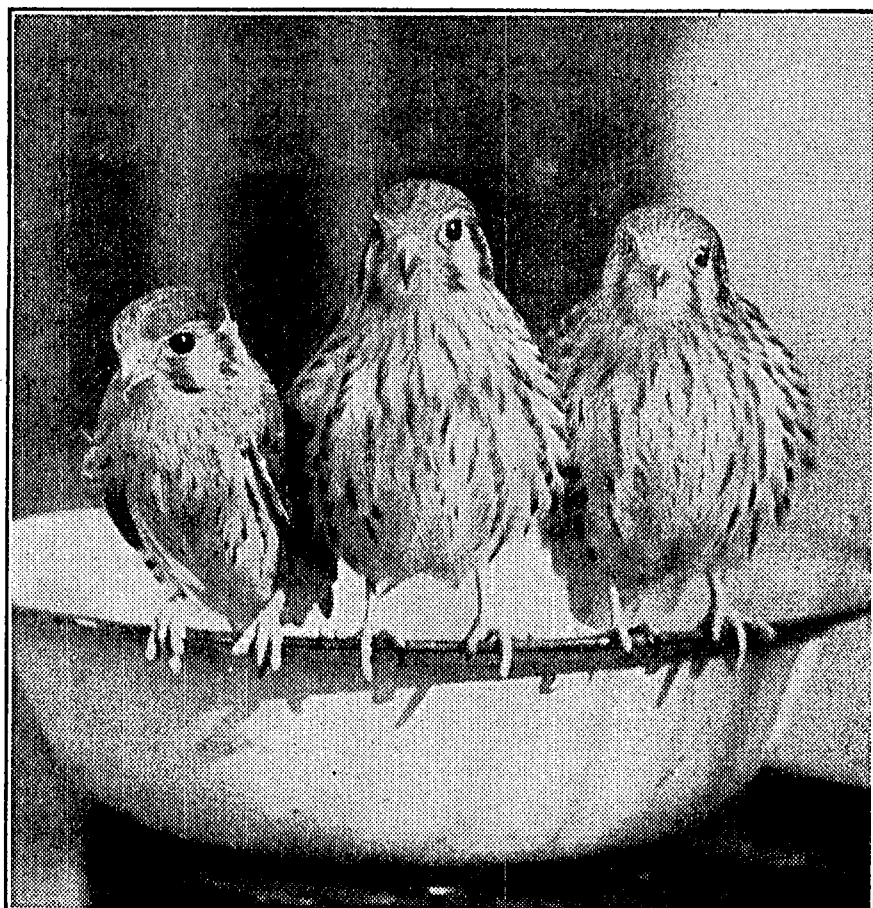
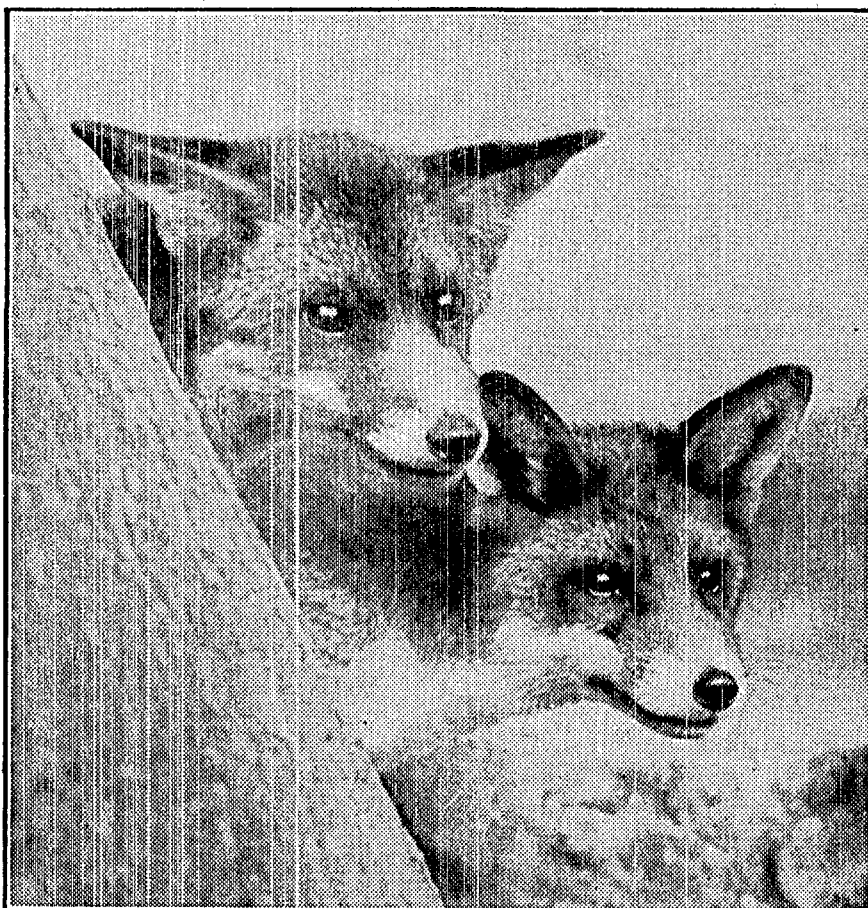
What Is It?—This is not a modern lighthouse, but the concrete water-tower of a new dairy at Mitcham. It contains two tanks for soft and hard water.



A Good Catch—A splendid action-picture of one of the players in a netball tournament for Yorkshire schoolgirls held at Leeds.



Lock Gate Lifted—At the entrance to the Royal Albert Dock, London, a giant floating crane removed one of the 150-ton lock gates which is to be overhauled.



At the London Zoo—On the left are two young foxes peeping out from their shelter; on the right are three of the latest arrivals, rare little kestrels from North America.

THE TRAIN FERRY A Caisson Sent To Dover From the Tees

OAKUM KEEPS OUT THE TIDE

Rapid progress is being made in preparing the dock from which the Channel train ferry is to leave its port of departure at Dover for Dunkirk.

The water has been cleared out from the area of several acres which will form the dock at Dover. An ingenious method was adopted to block the entrance to this area. A great caisson, 92 feet long, 30 wide, and 60 deep was towed from the Furness Shipbuilding works on the River Tees to Dover, and at low tide was placed across the entrance to the dock.

In order, however, that there should be no leakage between the stone walls and the caisson a length of hard wood edged with a thick pad of oakum was fastened to each side. The oakum, duly covered with canvas, was forced tight against the wall by the pressure of the incoming tide and, being pliant, filled in all the ragged edges so that not a trickle of water could pass through.

Work on the drained area can now proceed at full speed, and it will not be long before goods wagons and sleeping carriages will be hauled on to steamers here across a drawbridge at the end of the dock.

THE LONG, LONG WALK Two Thousand Reindeer For the Eskimos

In these days of lightning travel it is a pleasant change to hear of people who have taken four years to get from Nome, Alaska, to the mouth of the Mackenzie River in Canada.

These men are the herdsmen in charge of 2200 reindeer which the Canadian Government has bought to stock the Canadian Arctic and provide the Eskimos with milk, meat, leather, and transport animals.

The Eskimos are healthiest and happiest when they live their own lives, roaming the wilds and living by hunting. When hunting is bad they need help, and the best help they can have is a dower of reindeer.

To shut the Eskimo up in reserves, and feed him on white men's food would be to kill him. The free, hardy life of the Arctic is the only life for him, with reindeer to keep starvation at bay.

So the great herd was bought, and moved slowly on its way. Each year, at the time for the calves to be born, the herd halted, and as soon as the little ones were old enough it moved on again. At last their journey's end is reached, and the long, four-years walk is over.

THE SAFER FILM

The C.N. has always pleaded for a wider use of Non-Flam films, and there have been disquieting rumours that they are to be controlled by the same regulations as highly inflammable films.

This would be a serious setback to them and make them unpopular.

It is good to know that those in authority emphatically deny the report, declaring that it would be preposterous to apply the same rules to the use of safety as to inflammable films. The present regulations have not been altered since 1923, and thus there is a good chance that the peril of the inflammable film will gradually disappear.

But whatever type of film is used we may look forward to better safety arrangements at public entertainments. Precautions will be taken not only against fire (for all films are inflammable in varying degrees), but proper doors and gangways will be universal and electrical risks avoided.

120 YEARS AFTER Maoris in the Cathedral

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

It is just 120 years since the first missionaries brought Christianity to the brown-skinned Maoris.

The Maoris, who number about 60,000, are devoted Christians. They have their own clergymen, and even their bishop. The bishop's title is Bishop of Aotearoa, the Maori name for New Zealand.

Thanks to the good work of the missionaries, and the liberal policy of the Government, the Maoris now read, write, and speak English; there are Maori footballers, Maori members of Parliament, and a Minister representing the Maori race in the New Zealand Cabinet.

This year hundreds of Maoris attended services conducted by the Bishop of Aotearoa in the cathedral of Hamilton.

"This is one of the first occasions upon which the Maori people have had charge of a cathedral for their worship," said the Bishop, speaking in English and

C.N. Writing Test

HAVE you entered yet for the C.N. Writing Test?

Money prizes totalling £150 are offered to schools and pupils, as well as a thousand Waterman Fountain Pens and a thousand copies of Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare.

Entries will be accepted only through schools, and if your teacher has not yet received a supply of entry forms, which give full particulars of the Test, these may be had on application to The Editor, Children's Newspaper, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Applications for entry forms can be made only by teachers, who should state when writing the name and address of the school and the number of pupils on the school or class roll.

The closing date of the Test is November 19, so there is little time to spare.

Each individual entry must have attached one coupon cut from the top left-hand corner of the back page of a recent issue of the C.N.

in Maori; "it is a gesture of significance greatly appreciated by the native race."

Everywhere among the Maoris there was a thirst for spiritual food, added the Bishop, as could be seen in the joyous singing of the trained choir of Maoris at the services, in the expression of spiritual language in Maori hymns, and in the erection of churches in Maori villages. During the year the Bishop had confirmed 650 Maoris. It is indeed good tidings of great joy from the farthest lands of the Empire.

GOOD TURNS FOR THE CITY

New Post For Manchester Boy Scouts

Boy Scouts in Manchester are being asked to do a regular good turn in future, as signalmen.

Some of the street corners are furnished with traffic signals which do very well most days, but the authorities have noticed that busy shoppers on Saturday night neglect the signals in the interest of speed. So a Scout will be posted at all these points, holding poles on which signals are mounted, green on one side and red on the other two sides. The authorities are certain that no one will ignore the Scout, and a very dangerous situation will be corrected.

Successful experiments have already been tried at the worst crossings.

TIRED OF DOG RACING?

Attendance Down and Shares Decline

A MATTER FOR REJOICING

That the dog and the horse should be used as instruments of social degradation is an acute illustration of human folly.

The rise of dog racing was a misfortune because it afforded opportunity to waste money in the evening. Hundreds of thousands of families have known weeks of distress because hard-earned wages have been thrown to the dogs and added to the gains of tipsters and race-course investors.

The nature of dog racing lends itself to malpractice; even the betting public has come to discover this. It is reported that attendance at the races has fallen off greatly. Promoters anxious to make easy money have overdone the business.

Shares in dog-track companies, which once fetched high premiums, are now showing a decline.

The Home Secretary is endeavouring to pass through Parliament a Bill which imposes severe restrictions on dog-racing, the chief of which is that no track can be worked for more than two days a week.

VEGETABLE MARROWS

Mysteries For Housewives

The margin between the producer and consumer in the case of green vegetables is an impenetrable mystery.

The shop displays a cauliflower at fourpence or sixpence, and we know quite well that the grower would be overjoyed if he could get half these prices. What becomes of the margin?

The West End of London sixpenny cauliflower is thus explained by a retailers association.

West End rents are high, while clerical work, packing, dispatch and carriage, not to mention credit charges and the risk of bad debts, must all come out of the sixpence.

No doubt intermediate waste thus accounts for much. The same authority tells us that in quite good-class shops beautiful white cauliflowers have been sold at a penny and 2½d during the past few weeks.

Why does not the Government set up a Commission to take evidence and report why we cannot buy vegetables and fruit in the shops for, say, a quarter more than their cost of production?

If a cauliflower costs a penny to raise, why cannot we buy it for a penny-farthing?

MOVING HORSE

No Boredom at Boreham

Moving house is a troublesome business, as everyone knows, but it must be much worse when you have to move horse as well.

The Hampstead Borough Council has bought some land once occupied by the Home of Rest for Horses at Cricklewood, and 56 elderly horses have been packed into motor-vans and driven to their new quarters at Boreham Wood. It was an exciting business for old Dobbin, but nothing went wrong on the road, and now the horses are settling down happily in the country.

Most of these horses once belonged to costermongers. A working-man cannot afford to keep an old servant who is past work, and great is the relief when they hear that old Jack is to enjoy green pastures and a snug shelter for the rest of his days at the Home.

There is a horse among the pensioners who used to win prizes at Irish horse shows—long, long ago. Once, perhaps, he used to tell other horses "I have seen better days." He will not say so at Boreham Wood, for there is no boredom at Boreham.

A WOMAN VISITS THE STRATOSPHERE Talking From Ten Miles Up

DARING CLIMB IN THE ROPES

A woman has made an ascent of ten miles, accompanied by her husband, Dr Jean Piccard, the twin brother of Professor Auguste Piccard, who made the first journey into the stratosphere.

Dr and Mrs Piccard made their ascent to study the cosmic rays, Mrs Piccard having obtained a balloonist's licence in order that she might navigate the balloon, and thus free her husband to devote his attention to the scientific instruments.

The ascent was made from the Ford Airport at Detroit, and Mrs Piccard had at once to display her skill as a balloonist, for the balloon refused to start properly and, in spite of the fact that ballast was thrown out, there was danger of a catastrophe.

To the surprise of the onlookers Mrs Piccard climbed on to the top of the gondola and set to work adjusting the ropes by which it was attached to the enormous balloon. It was a daring piece of work, for the great bag held 600,000 cubic feet of gas.

A few hours after they had started they reached a height of ten miles over Akron in Ohio, and were talking by wireless from the intense silence up there to thousands of dwellers in the noisy cities of America.

Then the balloon came down with a run in spite of the balloonists' energy in throwing out ballast. Fortunately it fell into some woods, whose trees broke the fall, though the envelope of the balloon was slightly damaged.

The Piccards hurried home safe and sound to tell the story of what they had been doing all day to their two little boys, who had cheered them as they started forth to Cloudland.

OUR SECOND CITY

Its Wonderful Hospital Scheme

Birmingham has always been happy in her great citizens, and many are the noble gifts she has received.

Among her benefactors in recent years have been members of the Cadbury family, and their latest gift has been the land on which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of a great Central Hospital and cut the first sod on the site of the new buildings for the University Medical School.

These new buildings are to rise at Edgbaston, which will thus be the centre for the hospital service of the second city in England.

Birmingham has for centuries been a pioneer in the work of healing, and more than one of the presidents of her General Hospital, founded by John Ash in 1766, have won national fame.

With the new buildings of the Medical School and the Central Hospital with 850 beds Birmingham will serve its million citizens even more efficiently than in the past, and will train a band of doctors whose skill will reach far beyond its borders.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

Nature's Autumn Gift For London

So mild has this autumn been that many a garden flower has survived to give its fragrance and beauty long after the time it would normally have withered.

A London lady, Mrs Oswald Barron, made a bouquet from the flowers in her garden and sent it to The Times. There were 30 flowers in all, and among those which have persisted longest were the purple clematis, the vervain, the blue larkspur, the yellow tickseed, and the blue lobelia.

CELESTIAL BIRDS

THE LEONIDS AND HYADES

Meteoric Display That is Expected Next Week

MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF DISTANT SUNS

By the C.N. Astronomer

Meteors are expected to hurl themselves against the Earth from two regions of the heavens next week. These are the famous Leonids and the meteors from the Hyades region of the constellation Taurus, described in the C.N. for October 27.

Much interest is attached to the Leonids this year because they made such a poor showing last November, when a grand display was expected. This display may have been delayed, however, for though the Earth crosses the path of this meteor stream every year and a few of the Leonids are to be seen between November 15 and 17, at intervals of 33 or 34 years a great increase in their number is usually observed.

The central nucleus of the Leonids then approaches the Earth and there is the possibility of them coming sufficiently near to be drawn in millions into her atmosphere by our world's gravitational attraction. Then a fine spectacle may be witnessed such as in the years 1866, 1833, and 1799.

In 1899-1900, when another fine display was anticipated, the expectation was not realised; but in 1901 they were observed in large numbers on November 15 in the western States of America. Weather conditions prevented them from being seen in this country.

This delay in the period of the return of the nucleus was accounted for by the attraction of the planet Jupiter. It is therefore possible that a grand display may be seen this year if weather or daylight hours do not interfere, since this is the 33-year interval from 1901.

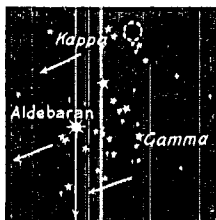
The position of the Moon will favour observation and the meteors should be looked for low in the north-east toward midnight or preferably high in the south at, say, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the early morning.

The Kappa Taurids

The meteors which occasionally radiate from a point which appears near the star Kappa in Taurus, one of the Hyades, are most likely to be observed between Wednesday and Saturday, November 14 to 17, as the Hyades are high in the south-east of an evening. These meteors are known as the Kappa Taurids, the region from which they come being shown by the circle on the accompanying star-map. They have, however, nothing whatever to do with the stars of Taurus or the Hyades cluster, for whereas the meteors are part of our Solar System the Hyades are a magnificent collection of suns, most of them much larger than our Sun and at a distance of about 136 light-years, or 8,600,000 times farther away.

The Hyades are the nearest of the "open" clusters, as they are called, and upwards of 80 stars, between 4 and 10 magnitude, are known to compose the Hyades partly because they are all speeding through space like a vast flock of celestial birds in a direction toward the south-east.

The three short arrows on the star-map show the direction of the upper, lower, and central portions of the cluster and about the distance they will travel in 100,000 years as seen from the Earth. Aldebaran is, however, not a member of the Hyades cluster; it is much nearer to us. Moreover, Aldebaran is travelling in a different direction, toward the south, and at a different rate. G. F. M.



The chief stars of the Hyades Cluster, visible to the naked eye

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

The Passing of Milton

NOVEMBER 8, 1674

These lines, written by Wordsworth in 1802, were published in 1807.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:

England hath need of thee; she is a fen

Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;

Oh! raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelled apart;

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea—

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

YOUR ANIMALS

A New Book All About Them

All lovers of animals (and every reader of the C.N. must be numbered among them) will welcome a new work just issued at sevenpence a week.

It is called the Animal's Home-Doctor, and describes in simple language what you must do to keep your pet healthy and how to treat it when sick or injured.

This book will meet the needs not only of those who keep domestic pets, but of those who keep cows, goats, fowls, and other animals for commercial purposes. Every kind of creature we have in this country is dealt with in this comprehensive work, which is enriched with pictures.

There are articles by Mr Cherry Kearton and Miss Frances Pitt, some of whose pets have from time to time made their bow to our readers. With Part One, which was published last week, a coloured plate showing 43 dogs and a photograph of a Cairn terrier are given away.

Every animal owner and every animal he owns should benefit by this encyclopedic work.

A LONDON WINDMILL

London has been threatened with the loss of a windmill, and there has been an outcry about it, because London has not many windmills to spare.

There is a stump of one in Rosebery Avenue and a bit of one on Wandsworth Common, but the mill which has caused all the pother is in Cornwall Road, Brixton. It looks like a five-storey brick tower with a gallery, and it is young for a mill, having been built in 1816.

It has not changed hands since then, but it has changed jobs. After grinding corn for 60 years it was put to other uses. When in 1902 the water supply failed at Mitcham the sails were removed, a gas engine was put in, and the mill drew water.

It is still sound, and so it should be, for many of its timbers are ship's timbers, and were ancient and well-seasoned beams when Miller Ashby built the mill in 1816.

Lambeth Borough Council has asked the L.C.C. to preserve the mill, and we feel sure that the L.C.C. will not turn a deaf ear. After all, a windmill is no man's enemy—except Don Quixote's.

THE GRID

MORE WIRED HOUSES

The Number of All-Electric Homes is Increasing

THE ONE THING NEEDED

The establishment of the National Electric Grid and the increased facilities for obtaining electric current are increasing the number of all-electric and partly-electric homes.

It needs only the reduction of the cost of current to revolutionise the modern home for the housewife.

With the all-electric house economies are made in building which may be compared with the savings made in a ship when it gets rid of coal-fired boilers. Brick fires are costly and occupy valuable space. Even in a small house the abolition of flues and their accompaniments may mean a saving of £100 to £150, while there is great gain in space through the absence of chimney-breasts and hearths.

An Enterprising Corporation

Every requirement of the home is now met by a suitable electric appliance, from heating bath water to boiling water in the sitting-room for tea. Many of the articles are portable, and all have the special merit of being clean and healthy. There are no fumes to lead away and no dirt to clean up.

The cost of electric appliances is now being solved by inclusive maintenance charges. Thus one enterprising town corporation, running its own electrical works, installs and maintains a first-class electric cooker for 5s 6d a quarter, this sum covering all repairs.

Some municipal electric authorities maintain a complete set of appliances for a small quarterly payment. No doubt this system will develop. Combined with really cheap current it would make housekeeping a joy and cause a marked increase in the health of the nation.

A complete electrical equipment would include provision for cooking, warming rooms, heating water, refrigerating, washing clothes and fabrics, washing-up dishes, cooling by fans in summer, and running small machines for sewing, boot-cleaning, the garage, the gramophone, wireless, and so on.

The Open Electric Fire

Some American houses possess an enormous length of electrical line serving scores of purposes. Those who desire to retain the fireside comfort of an open fire can do it in two ways. First there is the open electric fire, with its realistic logs and a quite astonishing glow and flicker. Next there is the plan of installing just one fireplace served by coal or wood logs in the old-fashioned way. It is probable, however, that few will care to burn smoke-making fuel when they realise that the all-electric plan abolishes the worst work-maker of the home.

Before the war Mr S. Z. de Ferranti urged us in vain to create a national electric system at what would then have been low cost. At last we have the National Grid, and it remains to encourage every householder to demand the full use of it. Cheapness is the one thing needed.

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher has fallen in love with a beautiful lady.

She is dark, tall, and graceful. He is fair and tubby. She has a son who is nearly fifteen, and is a naval cadet. Christopher has two sons; they are Teddy Bears, and go to bed with him each night.

"When will you be five, Christopher?" the Enchantress asked him the other day.

"On the one of January," he replied.

"My birthday is in January too," she said.

"Is it?" cried Christopher with delight; "then we must be about the same age!"



Never Absent Never Late

REGULAR attendance at school and enthusiasm for school-work depend upon physical and mental fitness. To ensure this robust health for your children all the year round, make certain that 'Ovaltine' is their daily beverage. Give them also a supply of 'Ovaltine' for school to make the mid-morning milk more delicious and nourishing.

'Ovaltine' provides every nutritive element required for building up body, brain and nerves. It is also supremely rich in the nourishment necessary to make good the energy and vitality which children expend so lavishly every day.

Scientifically prepared by exclusive processes from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value. Although imitations are made to look like 'Ovaltine,' there are extremely important differences.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Remember, too, that 'Ovaltine' gives you more in quantity as well as more in quality, and is therefore the most economical food beverage you can buy.

Quality always tells—insist on

OVALTINE

The Supreme Beverage
for Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1. 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.28a



Great 3 in 1 PUZZLE GAME

GRANDFATHER'S WHISKERS!

Are they
**IN or
OUT**

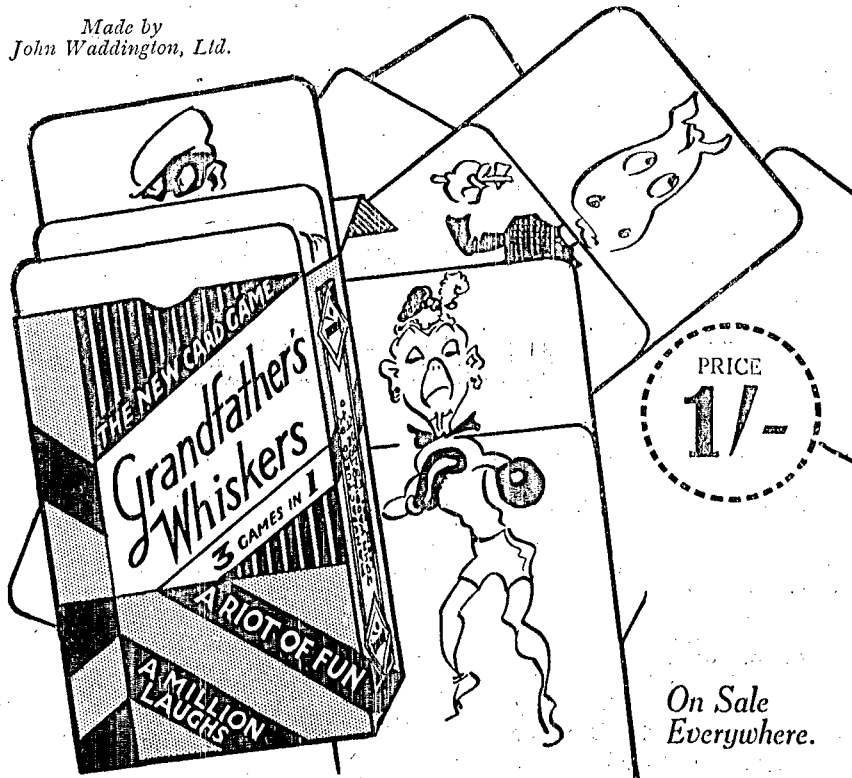


HERE'S dear old Grandpa cosily tucked up in bed. But where are his Whiskers?—everyone is searching for them and trying to solve the mystery—are they in or out of the bed?

Any number can play this exciting and most amusing of all card games—it's as simple as A B C.

The pack comprises 48 cards, with brightly-coloured pictures on the front which can be made into more than 1,000 uproariously funny figures. The backs of the cards form a series of six intriguing Jig Type Puzzles—some of them quite simple and others more perplexing. You simply must join in the search for Grandfather's Whiskers this winter. As a round game to make dull evenings bright this new puzzle game would be hard to beat.

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the Family

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THE LEAGUE IS
SAVING MONEYHelping Us All To Save
the Peace

It is confidently expected that 1934 will close for the League of Nations without a deficit.

This result will only be obtained by drastic economies involving serious loss of efficiency in the work of the League.

A great reduction has been effected in salaries of the Secretariat, 58 posts having been abolished.

It is not every State which pays up its contributions, certain States being notoriously bad payers, and this makes it difficult for the League to pay its way.

When we consider what the League has done for us we need not grudge our share of the cost.

A poster in a church porch in Sussex tells us what our taxes are for out of every pound:

Past Wars	7s 9d
Army, Navy, Air	3s 1d
Social Services	9s 2d
League	14th of a penny

Who will not willingly pay this tiny fraction of a penny out of their incomes in order to keep the wheels of the world going round?

THE TRAFFIC LESSON
Learning It at School

In one of Munich's primary schools the boys are instructed in the way to get about the streets in motor-vehicles.

In the school's gymnasium, temporarily transformed into the likeness of a city thoroughfare with cardboard houses ranged along the walls, one boy is made to stand on a pedestal and told to direct the movements of his companions, who revolve rapidly round him in toy cars which must on no account collide. In the background a teacher supplies the necessary instructions.

FUTURE EVENTS CAST THEIR
SHADOWS BEFORE THEM

A correspondent tells us of an ingenious new instrument which indicates several days beforehand when there will be a fall of rock in a colliery.

We are told that Mr Barracough of the Safety of Mines Department has explained it to colliery owners and officials. It is on the same principle as a seismograph, which records earthquakes, and in every experiment it has proved successful. In one case it forecast a big fall a week before it happened.

If miners can be forewarned in this way there seems to be one reason the less why disaster should overtake them.

NEW ZEALAND'S NEW PIANOS

It is hoped that the recent decision of the New Zealand Government to remove the duty on pianos imported to the Dominion from England will be helpful in quickening a revival of interest in music.

We hope so, for it is sad to read that few pianos have been sent to New Zealand in the past year. During 1925 pianos valued at £250,000 were imported into New Zealand, but from then on the number of pianos imported declined yearly, until in the year ended last March the total imports from all countries amounted to only £367.

A NEW KIND OF ENGINE

Something quite new in the way of locomotives has been made by a well-known firm of Leeds engineers.

It is a self-contained oil engine which weighs only ten tons and can haul a train of 300 tons. The engine is a four-cylinder motor-engine using heavy oil, and can thus run in countries where neither coal nor electricity is available. The oil locomotive is going to South America, but it will certainly be the forerunner of many more.

REFORMING THE
SLATE CLUBSNational Savings
Movement Scheme

AVERTING A CHRISTMAS PERIL

At this time of the year many people begin to put by a little weekly sum toward their Christmas expenditure.

In poor districts this weekly saving is often made through what are known as Slate Clubs, a group of people banding together and appointing one of their number to receive and hold their weekly pence until the day of the general share-out before Christmas.

On the whole, these Slate Clubs are well organised and honestly managed, but it occasionally happens that the holder of the money proves false to his trust and steals the hard-earned savings of his neighbours.

A Voluntary Plan

The National Savings Movement is taking steps to prevent this, and Lord Mottistone, its energetic chairman, has announced that a plan has been drawn up which he hopes will be voluntarily adopted by all Slate Clubs. This plan will follow the practice of the soundest Slate Clubs and, if generally adopted, will render the intervention of the State with a compulsory scheme unnecessary.

Under the proposed rules it will be necessary for a club to have both a secretary and a treasurer, who must hand the money to a trustee savings bank or to a Post Office savings bank immediately they receive it, while the signatures of both will be necessary on an application for the withdrawal of the money. All their books, too, must be investigated by an independent auditor.

These rules should ensure that no disappointment will face the members of even the smallest Slate Club when they come to receive back their savings.

THESE MINERS OF
WREXHAM

Hearts of Gold and Radium

The Welsh town of Wrexham, which has passed through a tragic chapter of history of late, has a hospital of a hundred beds, built and opened free of debt a few years ago at the cost of £100,000.

Of this amount £30,000 was collected by the miners, who put a voluntary levy of 2d a week on themselves. They were anxious, not only that the hospital should be opened free, but that it should remain so always.

A short time ago the need of radium treatment was felt, but it was considered useless to try it unless a stock worth £2000 could be bought at once. The committee decided to drop the matter, as there was no money available. No sooner was the decision made known than six miners sought out the treasurer at his house and told him how sorry they were to hear of the decision. Radium treatment, they said, was necessary for the peculiar diseases miners are liable to, and they declared that they would find the money.

The next morning the treasurer rang up the chairman of the hospital and said, "You can draw your cheque for £2000 for the radium whenever you like." On the chairman replying that there was not a penny in the bank, the treasurer, who happened to be the bank manager as well, quietly replied, "Never mind that, draw your cheque; I know my men here, and we shall get the money."

The treasurer went away on his holidays without any fears about this overdraft of £2000 which he had authorised, and on his return he found that not only had the six miners raised the £2000, but they had £300 to spare. "They are men of their word," he said; "good as gold. If the general public only knew what wonderful stuff these men are made of they would never let them suffer in any way."

THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story

By John Mowbray

CHAPTER 29

Black Friday

Mrs Verity had spoken in a hushed tone. She repeated: "Are you interested in that book, Gastalin?"

"When I found it," was the smooth answer, "I saw what it was."

"Oh," breathed Mrs Verity, silent again. "And also I saw a name on the fly-leaf," said Gastalin.

She had seated herself now and picked up some needlework. Her head was bent over her needle when she spoke next.

"Gastalin, what a spy you are!" she said hotly.

"Am I?" he said, stepping closer. "And if I am, don't you think that spies are needed sometimes, Mrs Verity?"

"I don't think much about spies," she retorted. "I hate them!"

"Yes; everyone does who has reason to hate them," he whispered.

This brought her to her feet. "Good-night," she said curtly.

Her needlework had dropped from her lap to the floor. He picked it up and restored it with a queer smile.

"Mrs Verity," he said, "the mysterious happenings at Bodlands (that's what the book called itself, didn't it?), they are happening still, aren't they? Mysterious Happenings at the Ancient Manor of Bodlands, though there isn't a single Clavdieu here any longer. There aren't any Clavdieus left, are there?"

Mrs Verity's face was white as she pulled her door open.

"You can go," she said.

"Oh, I'm going," answered Gastalin.

"Good-night, Mrs Verity. I hope you'll sleep well."

When he slipped out on the landing her door banged behind him.

That was on Thursday evening. Friday arrived, but still without word of Dunstable. Today the boys learned that as summer had come in earnest there would be no work after dinner until 4.15, to give them the best of the afternoon to themselves. So those not wanted for cricket were free to go for walks.

But not one of them stirred from the school grounds that afternoon.

Harbour might have done, but he was wanted for cricket with a number of others in the various games. Still, many were left over who might have gone out for a ramble this time last week, but now!

How could anyone know that it would not be his turn next?

So they wandered round, talking and talking; and always of the same thing, which they had been forbidden to mention if they wrote home.

It was whispered at first that the Head had called in the police, but this was denied next. They heard that Mr John Gravesend had intervened and, after a conference with his fellow-governors, had decided to take the matter entirely into his own hands. Then they learned that, despite the insinuations of Gastalin, the groundsman had found nothing unusual on his visit to the pavilion—absolutely nothing, inside or out, which would furnish a clue. Dunstable's bat was there in the rack all right, but Dunstable himself had just melted away.

A more mysterious disappearance none could imagine.

So Friday dragged by, a distressing day full of rumours, with the masters as grave as the boys.

That evening Purdie awarded his first cricket Colours. He gave three caps: one to Channing for a fine spell of bowling, the second to Wilde, and the third to himself. Of course his mind could not free itself of the might-have-been, and, recalling the earnest gleam in Dunstable's eye when confiding his secret ambition to be the first cap, Purdie sighed as he pinned the notice up on his board.

On Saturday the school was playing at home again, and coming out of morning Chapel Channing overlooked Washington to ask if he knew which ground they were using.

"It is only a half-day match."

"I know that," cried Channing impatiently.

"Well, then, Purdie and Farrington won't decide till we come out of morning school." Then Washington paused, and, after a glance right and left, he looked at Channing in a peculiarly intent fashion. "Channing," he uttered, dropping his voice, "do you yourself sort of fancy playing on Upper?"

"You mean, after Wednesday?" said Channing, returning the look.

"Yes, after Wednesday."

Channing let the question go by. Then, exclaiming that he had a prose to finish before First Lesson, Washington sped away.

CHAPTER 30

Return of a Key

As Washington went rushing into his study he saw a figure gazing out of the window. It was standing with its back to him, but he knew it at once. He caught at his breath, and the colour drained from his face.

There was a moment of absolute silence; then the figure at the window turned slowly round and, with the same movement, drew a hand from its pocket to toss something upon the table which dropped with a rattle.

"There's your key, Wash," it uttered.

It was Dunstable. Except that his usually florid face showed considerable pallor, and that his hair, so neat as a rule, was unbrushed and untidy, he looked exactly the same in his grey flannel suit and school tie as when this time three days ago he had come for that key.

"What time does the match start?" he asked.

But Washington stayed stock still, staring and staring.

"What's the matter with you?" said Dunstable.

Then Washington's voice came at last, but it sounded a different voice, so hoarse that he would not have recognised it for his own. "Is it you?" he brought out.

"Of course it's me. I asked you, what time does the match start?"

"What match?" gasped Washington.

"Does it start at eleven or half-past?"

"It's an afternoon match."

"It isn't; it's all day," said Dunstable.

Washington, who was desperately steadying himself, would have burst out upon the man, crying: Where have you been, Dunstable? when he drew back at the expression on Dunstable's face.

He turned to the door, which had been ajar all the time, and closed it quietly; then drew a deep breath.

"Do you understand me, Dunstable?" he began again. "What match are you talking about?"

"Against the Gentlemen," Dunstable replied.

"Dunstable," Washington continued, puckering his brows, "what makes you think we are playing the Gentlemen today?"

"Because we are," smiled Dunstable.

"What's wrong with you, Wash?"

"I don't think it's anything wrong with me," Washington answered. He wondered if this would make some impression?

And when Dunstable gave no reply except to look puzzled, standing sideways half turned toward the room and half toward the window, Washington went up close to him and, laying a hand on his arm, said:

"Yes, that's all right, old man. You've plenty of time."

"I shall make a lot of runs today," uttered Dunstable.

"Yes," said Washington. He was thinking. "Oh, by the way," he said.

"The Head wants to see you a moment. Could you come across now, Dun?"

"Yes. But what's the fuss?"

"Come on! No, wait a minute. The bell had begun. We'll let the chaps get into their classes first, shall we?" Washington paused, with his arm within Dunstable's now.

"There's no hurry. Let the chaps get in first," he repeated.

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said Dunstable.

"What does the Head want?"

"Oh, he's just been asking for you for something or other. He cuts First Lesson, so we'll catch him all right in his study."

"Of course," said Dunstable. "But you needn't come, Wash."

"Oh, he wants me as well," said Washington very readily.

"Oh, all right!" The bell had stopped.

"Come along, then," said Dunstable.

The School House was quiet now. All the boys had gone into their classrooms; they met no one as they made their way to the Head.

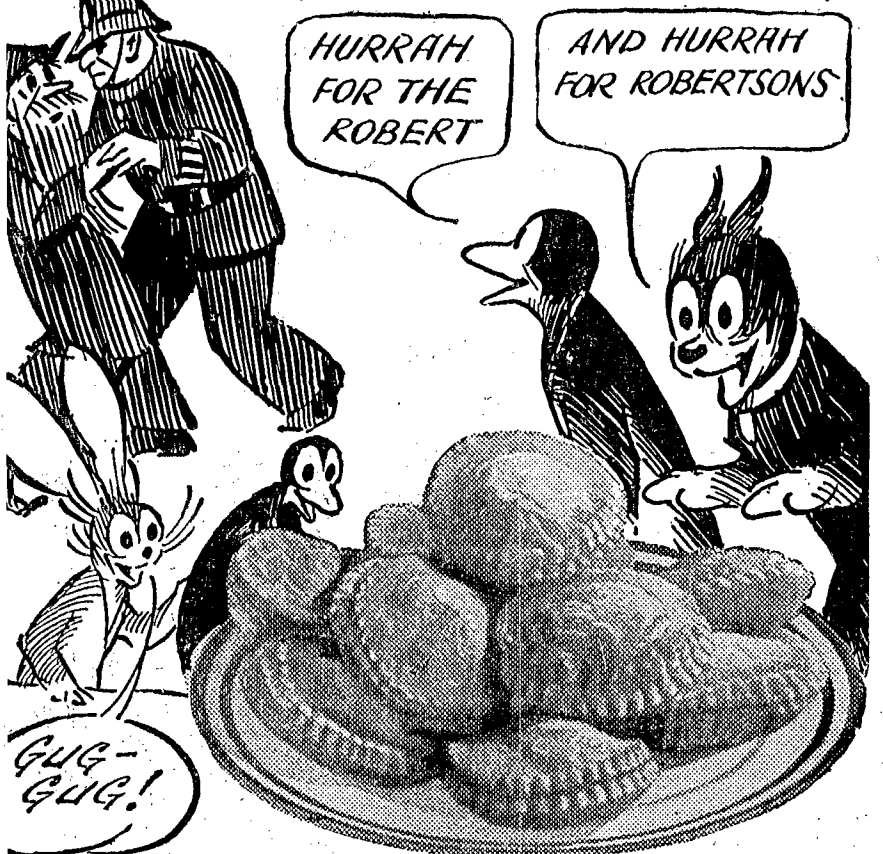
In the ante-room Washington said, "Do you mind if I go in first, Dunstable? He'll polish me off in two ticks, old man. Do you mind waiting?"

"No," said Dunstable, with the same patient, unconcerned air.

So Washington left him gazing out of the window and, crossing the ante-room to the baize-covered door at its other end, he tapped and passed quickly as the Head's voice responded. Then under his breath he told the Head what had happened. "And, sir," he concluded, "he thinks today is still Wednesday."

Continued on the next page

WTZKOFFSKI/ FOILED AGAIN



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To learn about the pets, read the children's page of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*. To learn what a lovely flavour Robertson's Mincepie has, ask Mother to be sure the mincepie she buys is Robertson's... then try it in the most delicious mincepies, tarts and roly-polies you ever tasted.

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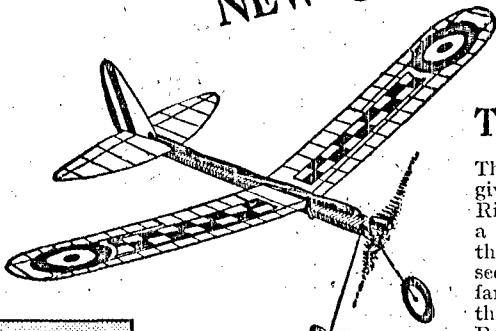
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★

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Uncle ODOL has sent presents to these boys and girls for their successful entries in the Painting Competition for October.

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GIRLS

Audrey Everest, Angmering Way, Muriel Hey, Moston, Manchester, Margaret Mitchell, Bardsey, Mary Milner, Knowle, Bristol, Jean Dyson, Morley, Leeds, Iris Percival, Worcester, Barbara Quincey, Bedford, Vera Kirtan, Beare Green, Yolande Toulon, Wimbledon, S.W.20, Vera Goddard, Lee, S.E.12, Audrey Rendle, Lee Moor, Mary Macini, Finsbury, E.C.1, Elsie Mills, Birmingham, 14, Betty Campion, Stockton-on-Tees, Jose Field, Birmingham, Amy Williams, Erith, Josephine Halpern, Manchester, B, Elsie Curtis, Lingwood.

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Continued from the previous page

The Head was on his feet. He was striding to the ante-room. At the sound of the door they saw Dunstable turn from the window. "Washington told me you wanted me, sir?" he explained.

"Yes, I want you," the Head said.

Washington watched the Head's door close behind them; then went into school.

He wondered how long it would be before everyone heard. It was clear that no one had seen Dunstable enter his study or already the school would have buzzed with the news. So he must have slipped in while they were at Chapel.

But when the break came at eleven with no one the wiser the sagacious Washington resolved to keep his own counsel. He would wait for the Head to make the first move.

However, at twelve o'clock he confided in Purdie. "If we let it out we shall spoil the cricket," he said. "We don't want today's match spoiled like Saturday's."

"No!" said Purdie, recovering from his amazement. "Let's hope the Head doesn't utter a word till the match is over. So poor old Dunstable has come back like Crittall?"

"Yes, just the same," whispered Washington. "It's grim, old man, isn't it?"

"Well, one thing: he isn't in East House," Purdie said presently.

"I'm not sure that it wouldn't be better," Washington answered. "As it is, we have the infection carried to School House."

"The infection?" said Purdie.

"I mean the general feeling of terror," Washington breathed. "When Arnold and Birkin went it was East's affair mainly. When Crittall went it was also East's more than anyone's. But now we have a repetition in another House! You see what I mean—it's spreading, Purdie."

"I'd like to know—"

"Of course you would," interposed Washington. He broke off and his face turned colour again. "Old man," he said in a quick, grating voice, "what happened to Dunstable? I've never believed in the queer yarns about Bodlands before, but what was it, Purdie? What was it happened to Dunstable?" He was going on wildly when Purdie caught at his wrist.

"Now, stop that, Wash!" he cried.

"It stunned me," gasped Washington.

"Yes; but instead of giving way there and then as lots of chaps would have done, as I daresay I myself might have done,"

confessed Purdie, "you kept your head. From what you tell me, I think you were splendid, old man. It's given you a shock. Now, you take my advice and eat a jolly good dinner."

But Washington could hardly swallow his dinner. He had been brought too close to the shrouded form of the mystery to be anything like himself for the rest of that day. He got through the cricket mechanically. He was glad when it was over. But he was dreading the moment when the news began to leak out.

It was bedtime, however, before the first whisper broke, and then only after the juniors had gone up to bed, so that the dormitories at any rate were not kept awake by it. Yet long after the lights were out in East's junior dormitory from the bed in the far corner a wakeful murmur proceeded.

"And tomorrow," it complained, "is Sunday, old man. We could have had such a splendid whack-in tomorrow."

The adjoining bed creaked as its occupant turned on his pillow. "Yes, I know. It's tough luck. Good-night, old boy."

The fact was this. Having taken their radio to pieces this morning Truman and Popplestone had reached the conclusion that they could smother Moravská-Ostrava, the only station they were getting this term, and actually secure London, by an adjustment which merely needed a trifle more wire. But tragically they had not a scrap they could spare.

Accordingly it had been arranged during the cricket that one of the partners should do the cheering for both while the other slipped down to the village and bought some wire. But Popplestone had no luck. He brought nothing back except the report that they must wait till next week.

There was perfect silence in the dormitory now. Midnight had struck. Truman turned his face from the wall, and, leaning across the space between their two beds, he cautiously prodded his ally with a firm finger. "Wake up, Pop!" he whispered. "Listen! Are you awake, Pop? I know where there is some wire we can borrow!"

"Good-night," mumbled Popplestone.

Truman leaned further and shook him. "Don't sham you're asleep, Pop. Listen, I'm going down to get that wire."

"Tomorrow?" breathed Popplestone.

"No, now," whispered Truman.

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO JACK-IN-THE-BOX

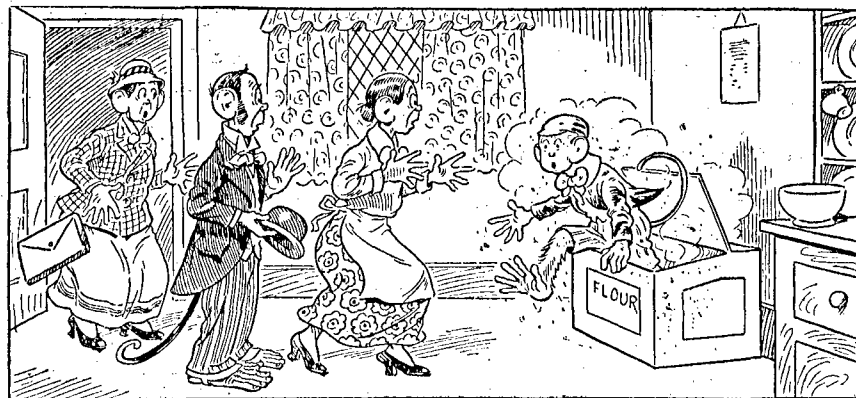
JACKO's mother called him in to tell him that an uncle and aunt he had never seen were coming to dinner.

"I'm off to the station to meet them. While I am away I want you to put on your new suit and wash your face and hands. I want you to look nice and tidy when they arrive."

Bang! went the lid at the very moment that the kitchen door opened and in walked Mrs Jacko and her guests.

"Jacko! Where are you?" cried his mother. "Come and shake hands with your uncle and aunt."

There was no answer, for at that moment Jacko was struggling to free



He was covered with flour from head to foot

Mrs Jacko bustled away, leaving Jacko alone in the kitchen.

Although he obediently changed into his new clothes, he said to himself, "I'll wash later on. There's plenty of time. I want to paste a few more pictures into my scrap-book."

But unfortunately he forgot to keep his eye on the clock.

The paste pot was nearly empty and he had soon used the last brushful.

"I'll have to make some more," he said, and he went across to the flour bin by the dresser.

The bin was deep, and, what was more, it was almost empty. As he wriggled over the side to reach the flour he lost his balance, and fell in!

himself from the soft flour. It nearly choked him as with all his might and main he tried to raise the lid.

Mother Jacko was staring at the flour bin as if her eyes would pop out. Surely the lid was moving! Suddenly she darted across the room and jerked it up.

Out sprang Jacko!

Covered with flour from head to foot, he spluttered and sneezed, then shook himself like a wet puppy.

"Just look at your best suit!" cried his mother. "Go upstairs! And stay there," she added.

After all it was Adolphus who made the good impression on his uncle and aunt. They gave him the biggest tin of toffee ever seen in Monkeyville.

And now for a lovely Jelly

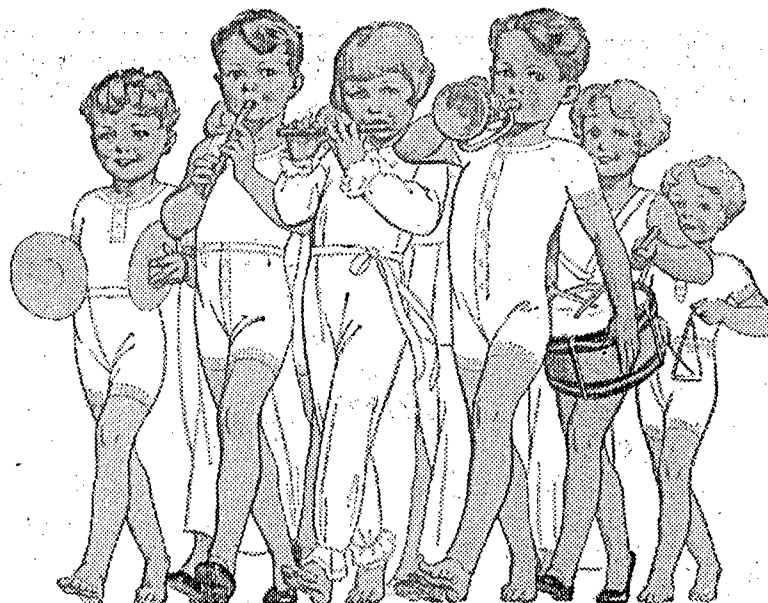
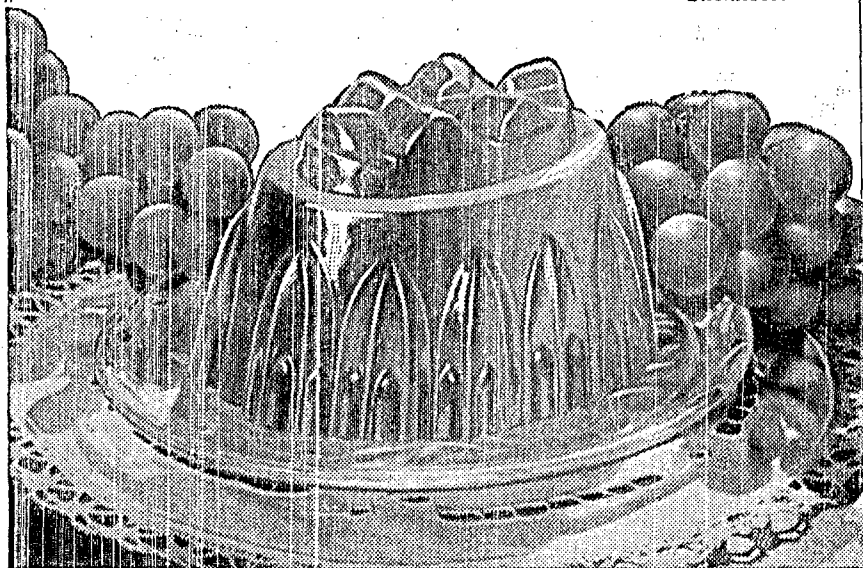
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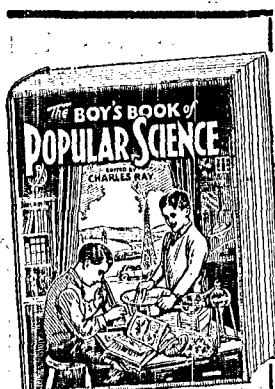
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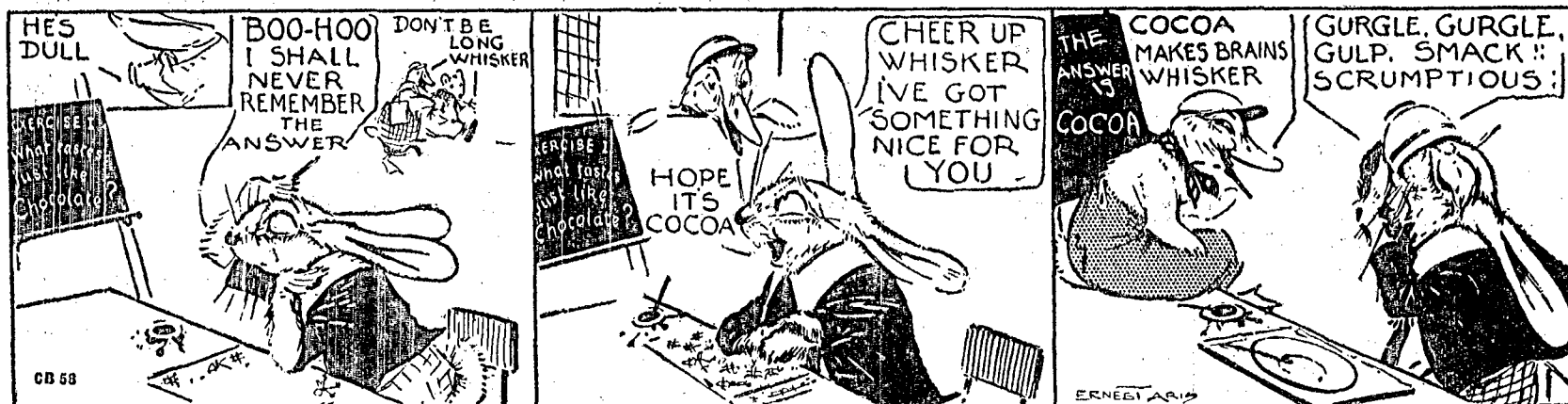
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10, Evelyn Grove, Southall, Mx., England.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS—Dumpty is a friend indeed



The Cococubs were having a party yesterday but poor Whisker was kept in at school. He simply couldn't remember the answer to a very easy question so he sat and scratched his stupid head and sobbed big sobs.

Whisker thought hours and hours and hours had passed and his poor nose was all swollen with weeping. How can a rabbit answer questions when he's going to a party. Just then Dumpty Doo looked in at the window—

Whisker dried his tears when he saw what Dumpty had for him—he gave a shout of glee. "The Children's Bournville Cocoa—that's the answer." He finished his lesson quickly and was in plenty of time for the party.

There's a Cococub in every tin of The CHILDREN'S Bournville Cocoa

CN HANDWRITING
TEST COUPON**CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**
November 10, 1934 Every Thursday, 2dThe Children's Newspaper
will be delivered every week
at any house in the world
for 13s a year. See below.**THE BRAN TUB****After Supper**

MR JONES believed in old-fashioned maxims, and when he began to sleep badly night after night he recalled that old one, After dinner rest a while; after supper walk a mile.

So he went to the town hall, and asked to see a map of the district where he lived. He saw that his house was in a square block surrounded by four streets, and the block of buildings stood on an area of exactly two-and-a-half acres.

How many times did Mr Jones have to walk round the block to cover the necessary mile?

Answer next week

Cedars of Lebanon

LEBANON is a State of Syria under French protection. The name is always associated with the cedars mentioned in the Bible, though little is now left of



the forests. The famous cedars are illustrated on the postage stamps of the Lebanese Republic. The flag, too, is a cedar tree superimposed on the French tricolour.

Space

ACCORDING to recent research at Mount Wilson Observatory there is no such thing as a perfect vacuum in the Universe. In outer space there is about one atom in every cubic inch. A drop of water, containing about a thousand million million million atoms would furnish enough matter to fill 3½ million cubic miles to that density.

Jumbled Aircraft

RESHUFFLED, the letters of the following phrases spell the names of kinds of aircraft.
YOUR GOAT SANE LEAP
RID LEG A HIP, SIR
O, NO BALL ONE LAMP ON

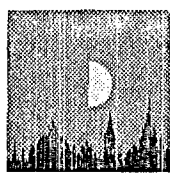
Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français

Il s'est défendu avec son épée.
Le cheminée traversa le village.
Il avait mis une cravate neuve.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Saturn is in the South-West and Uranus is in the South-East.



In the morning Mercury is in the South-East and Mars is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, November 14.

So It Does

THIS riddle's well worth trying, To exercise your mind;
What gets quite wet while drying?
A towel, you will find!

The Most Northerly House

THE most northerly house in which people live all the year round is at Tassiusak, a trading station on the west coast of Greenland, inhabited by a Dane and his family. The station receives fur, fish, oil, and indeed anything that those who hunt over these bleak regions can secure. In exchange the man at the station gives supplies from the more civilised world.

For practically ten months in the year the house is almost buried in snow. For two or three months the sun is not seen at all.

Then comes the strange summer, not much more than eight weeks long, when it is always daylight and quite hot. During this summer the folks at the station grow a few vegetables, and even some flowers. Everything develops with amazing rapidity, and only a few weeks separate the sowing of the seed from the gathering of the crop.

Where is It?

MY first is in wagon but not in horse,
My second's in mighty but not in force,
My third is in looking but not in see,
My fourth is in dockyard but not in quay,
My fifth is in buzzer but not in hum,
My sixth is in running but not in come,
My seventh's in cornstalk but not in oat,
My eighth is in ewe-lamb but not in goat,
My ninth is in shilling but not in pound,
My tenth is in puppies but not in hound.

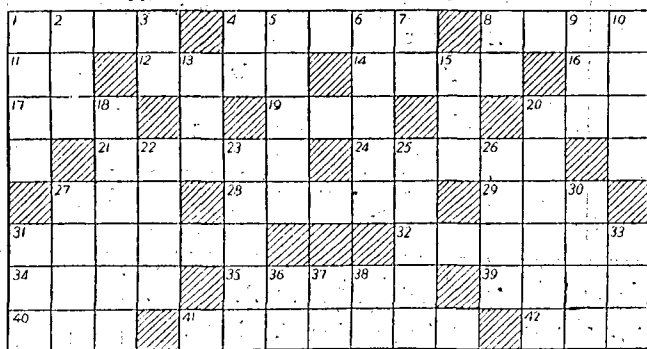
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Queer Arithmetic
Twelve (two) twenty—Twenty
Beheaded Word. Sling, ling, gin, in
There is a Catch in This. Nine (ty)

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. An obligation. 4. Fastens. 8. Minute particle. 11. Above and touching. 12. An augury. 14. A track. 16. Child's name for father. 17. A limb. 19. An English-speaking nation.* 20. A fold. 21. One who performs. 24. To spend uselessly. 27. A period of time. 29. Part of a horse's harness. 29. A quick smart blow. 31. Player of a stringed instrument. 32. Frightened. 34. The source from which metals are obtained. 35. The act of sending out. 39. This is familiar to 21 across. 40. French for *is*. 41. Affirms. 42. Compass point.*

Reading Down. 1. A tree trunk. 2. Single. 3. To accomplish. 4. To exist. 5. To habituate. 6. Hauled. 7. In this manner. 8. An announcement.* 9. Poet's form of *to open*. 10. The hair of a horse's neck. 13. Usually by a door. 15. Donkey. 18. A loft. 20. Precious jewels. 22. Covers. 23. A kind of gold or silver lace. 25. Property available for payment of debt. 26. A snare. 27. Organs of hearing. 30. Vegetables grown in field and garden. 31. An instrument for cutting up weeds and loosening the earth. 33. A stain. 36. Steamship.* 37. Compass point.* 38. The home of Abraham.

Dr MERRYMAN**Not Too Clear**

THE village blacksmith was imparting knowledge of his craft to a young apprentice.

"I'll just hold this white-hot iron on the anvil," he said, "and when I nod my head you hit it hard with that hammer."

Tit For Tat

THE shopper had reason to complain.

"This is a small loaf for fourpence-halfpenny," she said.

"Well, you'll not have so much to carry," replied the shopkeeper, smilingly trying to pass it off.

"Here's three-pence," replied the shopper. "You'll not have so much to count."

Undeclared

THE swimming has been so good today,

Said Mr Quack, that as a treat I am giving a special prize away For the most remarkable feat.

My feet, said Bill, should win that prize;

They are truly remarkable for their size.

The Young Engineer

AT dinner Billy was served with the wing of a chicken. He struggled manfully with it for a little and then gave up.

"Mummy," he said, "please may I have another piece? This is all hinges."

So Simple

THE Scot was telling of a wonderful salmon he had caught in a river near his home.

"It took me the best part of three hours to land it, after a terrific tussle," he said.

"Then why didn't you cut the line and let the thing go?" asked his Cockney friend.

Quite So

THE professor's wife entered the room.

"The doctor has come, dear," she announced.

"I can't possibly see the man," he replied. "Tell him I'm ill."

Just as Bread
goes with Cheese -**cheese goes
better with****HP
SAUCE**

There's satisfaction in snacks when the 4th Condiment is handy. This delicious Sauce has a unique richness that adds quality to the simplest meal. So don't forget to put the H.P. Sauce on the table at lunch or supper-time. Its wonderful digestive properties make all your food easier to work or sleep on. H.P. is 9d. a bottle.

**The 4th Condiment
and 1st Sauce**

When
Somebody's
growing in
your House.

To make sure your child grows strong and sturdy, there is nothing like a cupful of Benger's Food morning and night. And if your child is weakly or backward, your Doctor will advise Benger's Food.

Each year it transforms thousands of weakly children into vigorous boys and girls. Read about it in the Benger Booklet, post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

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DICKY DAFT DOES HIS BEST

"THIS strong sun makes me shiver," complained Dicky Daft one foggy morning. "I must take a walk to get warm." So he took off his hat and strode out.

"Hi!" shouted a voice. "My car has stuck. Can you make it go?"

An Important Person was sitting in an ancient looking car. Dicky Daft went up to it and inspected it gravely.

"Something wrong," he said, shaking his head. He felt in his pocket for his tools, then he crawled under the car and began to hammer.

He hammered everything that stuck out; and all of a sudden the car began to move.

It moved backward, and, being on a bit of a hill, it soon began to move very fast.

"Hi!" cried Dicky, jumping up and running after it. "Put on your brakes."

But the car didn't stop; it went on and on till it reached the High Street, and there at the corner stood a china shop.

"Look out!" screamed Dicky, waving his arms.

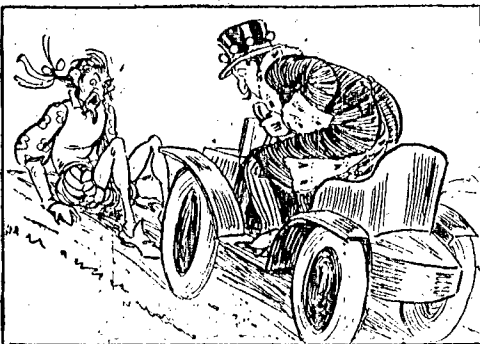
Crash! Bang! The car had stopped at last. But not before it had crashed into the shop and broken stacks and stacks of plates.

The shopman was in a fine way. "You'll have to pay for this," he cried.

"He'll have to pay," cried the Important Person, pointing to Dicky in the doorway. "It's his fault."

"Not a bit of it," said Dicky. "You asked me to make the car go. And so I did."

And now," he added looking round, "you've had one."



"Put on your brakes," cried Dicky



The car had stopped at last